March 14, 1950

Louis Johnson vs. Congress

by William H. Hessler

The Reporter

WHAT PRICE BIG GOVERNMENT?

25¢

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View of the Federal Triangle

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The Reporter's Notes

Caretaker Governments

The British nation, asked in the last general election whether it preferred Mr. Attlee or Mr. Churchill, answered, "I don't know," but unlike most of those who give that answer in straw polls, it added an overwhelming, "But I do care." Now that both parties have turned out to be of approximately equal strength, the leading politicians of the slightly stronger party are in no condition to carry through a program of their own. It is difficult to imagine one party gaining a decisive majority in the next British election, particularly if it comes soon. This means that for an indefinite time to come Britain can have little more than a caretaker government.

The French cabinet of M. Bidault is in the same situation, only worse: It is a stopgap government, as all the governments since the Liberation have been. In Italy, the de Gasperi cabinet is so busy trying to prevent both a Communist uprising and the coming into power of a semi-fascist Salazar-type of government that it has little energy left to run the country.

This political stalemate, this indecisiveness of people or of their governments is the outstanding characteristic of western Europe today. The people of Europe cannot make basic political decisions, for they are too aware of the disproportion between their wishes and their power. No government can give Britain what the British people want most: peace and security. This is why the British nation chose not to choose either Mr. Attlee or Mr. Churchill.

The responsibility that neither Mr. Attlee nor Mr. Churchill can assume is falling on the already overburdened shoulders of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson. Their task is extraordinarily difficult, for our government must make every basic decision affecting the destiny of the foreign nations on our side, but cannot, and would not, run them with proconsuls or stooges. We must use all our strength and all our heart—not only our wealth—so that some day the people of Europe may again be able to decide and to know. This is the essence of the Acheson-Hoffman program for the "integration" of Europe. It requires a long, long pull, but that is the way we do things. The Russians build fast, but with straw. We build with bricks.

The Battle of Recognition

When an act of God brought Harry S. Truman to the White House, many people—Republicans and Democrats alike—thought that he was merely a sub-tenant in that residence, who certainly had no right to have a balcony built according to his fancy. When, in November, 1948, Mr. Truman established his own tenancy for a full term, many thought that his victory had been just a freak.

But during the last six months there has been a change. Long articles on Mr. Truman have appeared in the most popular national magazines. His wisdom, or at least his political shrewdness, has been sized up and acknowledged. Finally, a few weeks ago, Mr. Arthur Krock ventured alone into the White House, and reported to the readers of the New York *Times* that a President is at work there.

There seems to be no doubt now: Recognition of Mao Tse-tung has been indefinitely postponed, but Harry S. Truman, nearly five years after taking his first oath of office, has been recognized as President of the United States.

On Keeping Secrets

The trouble with secrets is that they leak out. In creating an idea, the human brain gives it a shape that makes it accessible to other human brains. Sometimes it happens that ideas are in the air; several people, who know nothing of each other, get them nearly at the same time and then even the vaguest hint is enough to establish an understanding among them. Only when our secrets are unthought and unthinkable can they stay secure—not when they are translated into the universal language of reason and science.

The best example of how a secret can be kept has been offered by Senator Hickenlooper—the most zealous guardian of our scientific isolation. Some months ago he accused David Lilienthal of "incredible mismanagement." The charge was on the front page of every newspaper for weeks, and a Congressional committee investigated it in a long series of public hearings. Yet at the end, in spite of all the publicity through press and radio, the meaning of that expression—"incredible mismanagement"—proved to be an unbreakable secret.

We Get the Varsity

Pablo Picasso would like to join the Very Reverend "Red Dean" of Canterbury and British film producer Ivor Montagu in a "peace mission" to the United States. The idea is to demand that Congress reduce the military budget, ban the atomic bomb, end the Indonesian, Malayan, and Indo-Chinese wars, stop the oppression of "Peace Fighters of All Countries," and authorize the President to sign a peace pact among the great powers.

To make things even, a couple of men named Yves Farge and John Platt Mills are going on a similar "peace mission" to the Soviet Union. Perhaps we should feel honored that the "Peace Fighters of All Countries" have sent us their first team of intellectuals; for Moscow the scrubs are good enough.

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Correspondence

Bad Times

To the Editor: The points made by Dwight Macdonald in his article on the New York *Times* are all well taken, but in his plea for condensed stories and more selective editing, he forgets that the *Times*'s articles are deliberately padded in order to fill up space. If the *Times* published succinct accounts of the day's happenings—like the much more selectively edited Washington *Post*—it would have too little editorial matter in relation to its advertising columns. This obviously would not suit the owners.

As regards the *Times*'s literary style—which is abominable—we must not forget that the paper has in its employ some elegant writers. They do not write elegantly for the *Times* because the paper deliberately shuns good writing.

The extracurricular writings of some of the *Times*'s staff, like those of Cabell Phillips, Bess Furman, and others, indicate that a whale of a lot of literary talent is buried in the *Times*'s office.

To prove my point take but one example: Read the autobiography of Bess Furman, *Washington Byline*, and then her newspaper columns. Here is a gracious and witty stylist who delivers to her paper one stodgy story after another. But this is doubtless what the boss orders.

ANTHONY NETBOY
Bethesda, Maryland

Good Times

To the Editor: In regard to Dwight Macdonald's article, "The *Times*—One Man's Poison" in the February 14 issue of *The Reporter*, I found one thing (among many others) that was a little hard to swallow. Since I have been a journalism major in the University of Oklahoma, I have been told time and time again that it is necessary to include previous happenings in a follow-up story, or it *is* necessary "to be reinformed daily that Acheson and Eisenhower were christened Dean and Dwight respectively, and that the President of the U. N. General Assembly is a Brigadier-General whose middle initial is 'P'."

One of my able professors cites an example. Suppose a man from Mars capable of reading and understanding English were to light on the earth tomorrow. He should be able to take an American newspaper and, without reading any previous editions, know in a short time the extent of the news.

Perhaps to some this information that is the same day after day is useless information. But to an infrequent newspaper reader, it is valuable and should always be included in the follow-up story.

JIMMIE MILLER
Norman, Oklahoma

[*The attention of Messrs. Miller and Netboy is called to Gerald Johnson's spirited defense of the* Times *on page 34 of the current issue.*—The Editors.]

Errata

To the Editor: As what the French call an *amateur des chemins de fer*, or railroad enthusiast, as well as a good Democrat, I was somewhat shocked to notice that Harry Truman was driving the monstrous locomotive on your February 28 back cover from the left-hand side of the cab, rather than the right-hand side, as is the usual practice on American railroads. But then, when I also noticed that the juggernaut was bowling along at a fifty-three-billion-dollar clip—or ten billion over the speed limit set by Congress—I decided that you either must have recruited your artist from the old *Sun*, or just given him free rein for his own propaganda.

ROBERT MORGAN
New York City

[*Score two direct hits for Mr. Morgan.*—The Editors.]

Mr. Johnson's Uncles

To the Editor: Gerald W. Johnson's "Our Founding Uncles" in your January 17 number is very interesting, but in drawing his analogy between early American governmental experience and our present international fumblings, Mr. Johnson ignores the most obvious and significant difference—that the founding fathers of the world republic have not yet been convened by the "league of friendship" of our day.

In lauding our founding uncles Mr. Johnson also fails to note that the part they would play in American government was recognized by the founding fathers, and that's why the Constitution works.

GEO. LEWIS II
Tallahassee, Florida

Contributors

Herbert Stein holds the post of Associate Research Director of the Committee for Economic Development. . . . Hans Landsberg, an agricultural economist, is co-author (with Harold Barger) of *American Agriculture, 1899-1939*. . . . Richard Lewis writes for the St. Louis *Star-Times*. . . . Robert Lasch of the Chicago *Sun-Times* has been a frequent contributor to our pages. . . . William H. Hessler, author of *Operation Survival*, writes for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . Charles W. Morton is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*. . . . Sid Lens, organizational director of the United Service Employees Union, is the author of *Left, Right and Center*. . . . Peter Drake is the pen name of an American newspaperman in Germany. . . . Constantine Poulos, formerly an Overseas News Agency correspondent in the Middle East, writes now as a free-lance. . . . Melanie Pflaum, magazine writer, has recently returned from a trip through Europe. . . . Gerald W. Johnson has written biographies of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Adolph Ochs, and Andrew Jackson. His most recent book bears the title *Our English Heritage*. . . . Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin is Phillips Astronomer at Harvard. . . . Cover by Arno. . . . Photographs from Harris & Ewing, Wide World.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Editor & Publisher: Max Ascoli; *Managing Editor:* Philip Horton; *Assistant Managing Editor:* Robert S. Gerdy; *National Affairs Editor:* Llewellyn White; *Foreign Editor:* Leland Stowe; *Economics Editor:* Vincent Checchi; *Copy Editors:* Al Newman, William Knapp; *Art Editor:* William A. McIntyre; *Production Manager:* Anthony J. Ballo; *Staff Writers:* Richard A. Donovan, James M. Minifie, Gouverneur Paulding, Claire Neikind, Robert K. Bingham, Douglass Cater; *Co-Publisher:* Ik Shuman; *Advertising Manager:* Houston Boyles; *Circulation Manager:* R. C. Grevatt; *Sales Promotion Manager:* L. Marshall Green.

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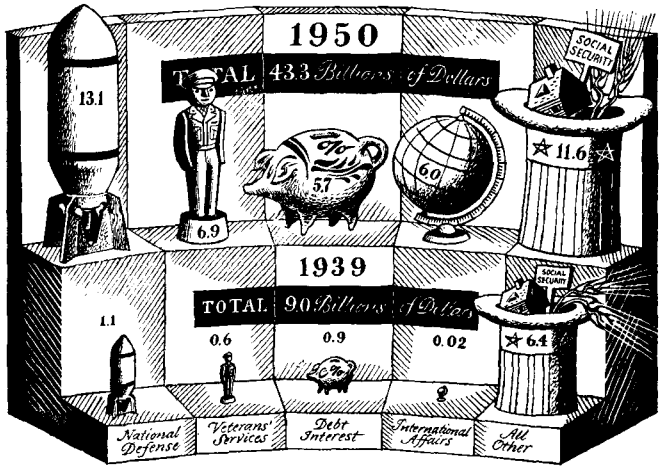
Editorial

What Price Big Government?



Today our government is pocketing nearly a fifth of our national income; it is taxing away nineteen cents of every dollar the taxpayer earns, as against four cents twenty years ago. About seventy per cent of our Federal revenue goes into payment for our last two wars and insurance against a future war. What is called the national debt amounts to around $260 billion, an incomprehensible sum that we, the people, owe ourselves.

Why has all this money been spent? First, because of Wilhelm II; later the depression; then Hitler, and now Stalin. We have had to counteract forces that threatened the social structure and the very existence of our nation. We have had to relieve the distress of farmers, of men and women on the breadlines, of sick business. We have had to defend ourselves against foreign powers bent on ruining us. Containment has been our aim throughout—containment of economic, military, and ideological enemies. Bigness has been thrust upon our government by emergencies that only the national government can deal with, and that have tremendously increased its cost, power, and size.

Moreover, once we have succeeded in coping with a national emergency like the depression or the Second World War, we have found ourselves committed to further and ever-increasing expenses. The help extended to special underprivileged groups during the depression has created a demand for that still misty thing of unspecified cost, the welfare state. Our victory in the last war has forced us to assume responsibility for the well-being of the defeated peoples. The success of the Manhattan Project has made it necessary for us to manufacture the H-Bomb.

There is no way of knowing whether, or to what extent, we are getting our money's worth. The economists can give us only vague, oracular answers, for when spending is so large the worth of what we have been getting for our money cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Nor can the economists tell us exactly at what point government gets too big—at what point the tax burden will crush our competitive economy. It is surprising that the Federal government has grown as much as it has without destroying the fabric of our system. Yet if the economists do not know at what point government becomes too big, they do know, as an article in this issue of *The Reporter* points out, that it cannot keep growing forever at a rate faster than the rate of growth of the economy as a whole.

Only the all-out spenders are happy in this situation—the people who seem to act on the assumption that the government's money is nobody's money, and that the more we spend, the better off we are. These spending zealots are dollar worshippers, firmly convinced that by pouring out dollars we can spend our way out of every national and international difficulty.

There are as many other categories of spenders as there are occasions for spending. Practically every public figure gets into a frenzy of spending sometime for some cause. Even an economizer like Senator Taft had a wild urge to spend when he came out for military assistance to the Chinese nationalists—an adventure of immeasurable cost. The last brave effort to "contain" the Federal budget was made by Senator Douglas, who practically, although not explicitly, proposed a moratorium on all new expenditures related to the welfare state or to agricultural subsidies.

The Trend-Makers

Big Government, like Big Business and Big Labor, is a fact to be reckoned with; it cannot be wished away in nostalgic regret for cozy smallness. The trouble begins when, having acknowledged certain

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trends, we gleefully applaud them and want them to become more and more powerful and irresistible. There are people whose great passion is to root for the inevitable. There are other people who have acquired considerable skill in concocting synthetic would-be trends, each branded as unmistakably inevitable. Modern man, not satisfied with being able to make artificial rain, is successfully trying his hand at making artificial trends.

For instance, we have the trend toward the "inevitable" and "irrepressible" war. Some say that a far greater share of our national budget should go into military preparedness, and if the absolute weapons of yesterday appear only relatively effective today, this galloping relativity should never induce us to re-examine our policies. Many people who never tire of decrying bigness in government or labor have no qualms about advocating more and more air groups and regiments. The argument is invariably the same: If we are not armed to the teeth, Joe Stalin will get us.

Many people who favor large new programs of government expenditures for the underprivileged use the same Joe Stalin bugaboo. One of the most popular arguments for the welfare state is its cheapness—a sort of basement bargain compared to the cost of a Communist revolution. There is scarcely a promoter of any special cause, from free dental treatment to all-out intervention in favor of Bao Dai, who doesn't toughen his argument with an "either-or": Either this, or Joe Stalin.

If the growth of our government and the increase of our expenditures for domestic or defense purposes had to be determined mainly by Joe Stalin, or by the need of paying him ransom, he would already be our boss.

Enough of Joe

Actually, no matter what the external occasions might have been, the growth of our government has been accompanied by the growth of our power. This power is a most portentous thing if we consider the use that we can make of it. We are not only a big, but a great, nation now. We are adults who must think and act like adults. We can no longer be driven by accidents or by fear. Even when trends are real, we cannot just float on them. Every sailor who uses tides and winds to move along his own course knows this. Alone among all the people of the world, we can chart the course that we want to follow in the pursuit of our national objective—to give power and effectiveness to the institutions of freedom at home and abroad.

We must know what history demands of us, but this does not mean that we must become "yes-men" of history—or of its self-appointed spokesmen.

There is nothing more legitimate than the demands of special groups, or the nation as a whole, for increased social and individual security, but there is a great deal wrong when, to satisfy these demands, a powerful Federal bureaucracy stifles group initiative and local pride.

In the present all-out conflict short-of-war with Soviet Russia, we have to be armed with good weapons and good ideas, lest our weakness tempt the opponent to wage war on us. But there is something radically wrong when, as another article in this issue of *The Reporter* points out, we rely on one weapon and one carrier of that one weapon to inflict on the enemy a destruction that no human power could repair—not even our own.

There is no sense looking on Big Government with preconceived love or hatred, just as there is no sense spending for spending's sake, or economizing on a wholesale percentage basis, as Congress tried to do last year. We must see what use to make of government, and what direction can be given to its growth. The decisions can be made according to only one criterion: that all our plans for Federal expenditure are ultimately aimed at improving the welfare, the self-reliance, the initiative of groups and of individuals inside and outside our own borders.

This means freedom. Freedom is not maintained when the livelihood of the citizens and their protection from the major accidents of life depend entirely on omnipotent officials, no matter how good their intentions may be—just as we kill freedom when we cause destruction that we cannot repair. To remain free, we must never give any individual powers that are beyond man's measure, nor must we ever destroy more than we can rebuild.

The question "What Price Big Government?" cannot be answered by economic science or by second-grade arithmetic. It can be answered only if translated into other questions: How free are we within Big Government? How are we succeeding in improving on it, and in making it a propulsive instrument of freedom at home and abroad? Have we a government that we have power to control, or have we a runaway government?

The answer to these questions depends entirely on us, and not on Joe—this irksome creature of our mental laziness and our fear. —MAX ASCOLI

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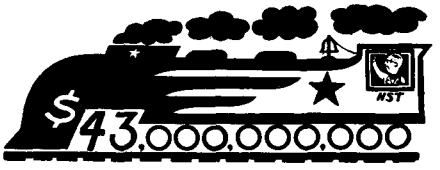
Our Economic Gyroscope

Federal budget policy has helped stabilize the economy since the end of the war: Can it continue to do so?



Everything the Federal government does costs money. Every question about what the Federal government does or does not do—from the Marshall Plan to counting bathtubs—is in part a question about the Federal budget. But the budget is more than an anthology of government programs. It has two sides—revenues and expenditures; the two sides can be totaled, and the comparison between the totals has meaning. The distinctively "budgetary" problems are those raised by the total size of the budget and by the size of the surplus or deficit.

There are two main issues about the budget, not only for 1951, but also for 1961 and 1971:

Can we manage the budget so that it will help us to avoid depressions and inflations?

Can we manage the budget so that it will not retard economic growth?

As far as the budget is concerned, the question of economic stability is mainly a question of timely deficits and surpluses. Can we manage the budget so that in depression we take less money from taxpayers and pay out more? This would leave more income in private hands and sustain the total demand—public and private—for goods and services. Can we do the reverse in time of inflation?

This is not a matter of some all-wise economist manipulating the budget to produce perfect stability. The budget is not so delicate or precise an instrument, and no economist is all-wise. We *can* hope to harness the budget, in a rough-and-ready way, to the job of avoiding big economic ups and downs.

How are we doing by that test? The case of 1949 is illuminating. In fiscal 1949 we had a billion-dollar cash surplus and in fiscal 1950 we shall have a five-billion-dollar cash deficit. This six-billion-dollar swing from surplus to deficit has been important in keeping the 1949 recession small. That is a pretty good performance. But we need to know how it happened and whether we can count on its happening regularly in case of a slump.

About three billion dollars, or half, of the six-billion swing from surplus to deficit resulted from the slump itself. As incomes fell, tax receipts fell; as unemployment rose, payments for unemployment compensation rose. Some part of the increase in farm-price supports and veterans' benefits was also due to the recession. This kind of thing will happen regularly when there is a slump. It is an automatic and reliable stabilizing force in the budget.

But the other half of the swing was pure luck—as far as the slump is concerned. Part of this change in the budget position was foreseen a year ago, when President Truman submitted his budget message. But insofar as it *was* foreseen, neither the President nor Congress wanted it. They accepted it, not in order to help cushion a slump, but because they couldn't agree on a way to prevent it. As for the rest—it just happened. The question of accepting it or not didn't arise. It reflected chance factors—like the good weather for agriculture and the unexpectedly great desire of veterans to go to school. Thus, half of the swing from surplus to deficit would have happened if there had been no slump. And if there had been no slump, this accidental rise in the deficit would have worked for instability rather than for stability.

It looks as if the random and accidental forces that influence the budget will work in a deflationary, or anti-inflationary, direction next year. According to the budget message, the cash deficit will fall from about five billion dollars in fiscal 1950 to about $2.7 billion in fiscal 1951, assuming no change in business conditions. If this happens, it won't be because anyone has decided that the economic situation or outlook calls for a reduction of the deficit. It will be the net result of a lot of separate movements in different parts of the budget, none of them primarily determined by the over-all state of the economy. If we have a problem of inflation in 1950-1951, this accidental cut in the deficit will be helpful. But if our problem is deflation, the accidental cut in the deficit will hinder its solution.

Although this is not a satisfactory situation, we are still better off today than we were twenty-five years ago. Our present situation is that there is a strong natural tendency for the budget to yield deficits in depressions and surpluses in booms. Tax receipts automatically fall when the national income falls, and rise when it rises. This is a force for stability, but there is a possibility that random movements in the budget will either offset or supplement the natural stabilizing influence.

Twenty-five years ago it would have been deliberate policy to prevent the natural stabilizing forces in the budget from working. "Balancing the budget" meant that if tax receipts fell in a depression, taxes had to be raised to prevent a deficit. This policy sterilized the budget as an influence for stability.

"Balancing the budget" is still a phrase that commands allegiance, but

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its meaning has changed. The new meaning is most significantly expressed by President Truman: "Our general objective should be a tax system which will yield sufficient revenue in times of high employment, production, and national income to meet the necessary expenditures of the Government and leave some surplus for debt reduction." The new clause is "in times of high employment, production, and national income." This clearly means that if we get deficits in depression we will accept them. We will not deliberately prevent the natural stabilizing force in the budget from working.

While our budgetary practice is still unsatisfactory from the standpoint of stability, agreement is emerging on the minimum ingredients necessary to a policy that will make for national economic stability. This agreement is best shown by the testimony of academic economists, businessmen, and government officials before Senator Paul Douglas's Congressional subcommittee on fiscal policies, as well as by the report of the committee itself.

The great danger in regard to the budget is that we may be unable to prevent its growth from interfering with the growth of the economy. It would probably be agreed that a growing economy can stand, and may require, a growing Federal budget—not necessarily this year but over the long haul. It would probably also be agreed that if the budget grows too fast it can be a serious drag on economic progress. The tax burden can then become so heavy that it weakens incentives for increased production, and dries up funds for business expansion.

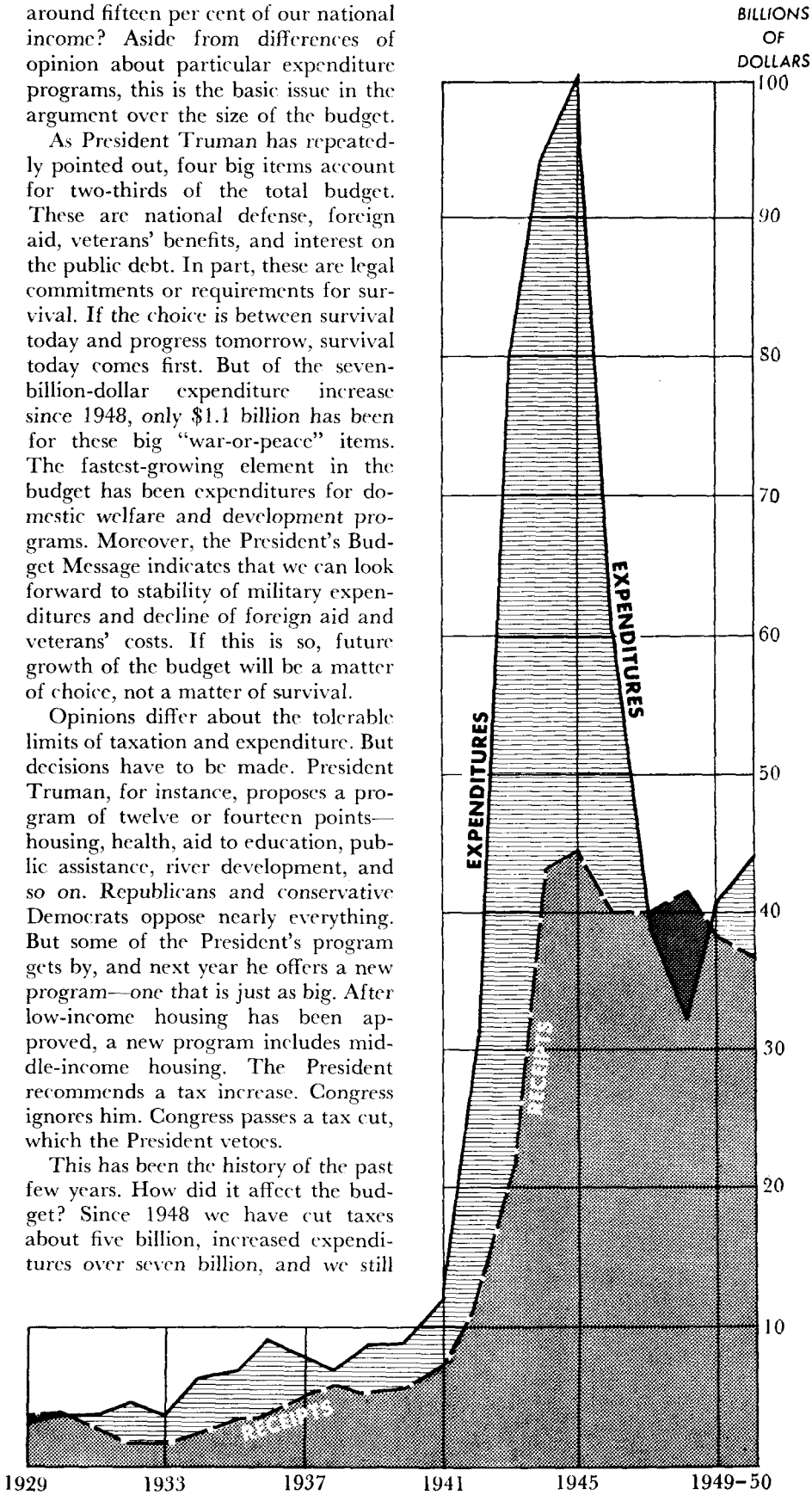
Five years ago it was generally agreed that after the war we should get lower tax rates than we now have. But that was agreement when agreement was cheap. We thought that the end of the war would automatically and painlessly permit a very large tax reduction. In 1939, Federal cash receipts were about nine per cent of the national income; by 1945 the proportion had risen to twenty-six per cent. Ideas of a postwar normal probably ranged around twelve to fifteen per cent.

Now we have a tax burden equal to about nineteen per cent of the national income at high employment. Is this a new "normal"? Or is it still a point on a gradual decline to a new normal of around fifteen per cent of our national income? Aside from differences of opinion about particular expenditure programs, this is the basic issue in the argument over the size of the budget.

As President Truman has repeatedly pointed out, four big items account for two-thirds of the total budget. These are national defense, foreign aid, veterans' benefits, and interest on the public debt. In part, these are legal commitments or requirements for survival. If the choice is between survival today and progress tomorrow, survival today comes first. But of the seven-billion-dollar expenditure increase since 1948, only $1.1 billion has been for these big "war-or-peace" items. The fastest-growing element in the budget has been expenditures for domestic welfare and development programs. Moreover, the President's Budget Message indicates that we can look forward to stability of military expenditures and decline of foreign aid and veterans' costs. If this is so, future growth of the budget will be a matter of choice, not a matter of survival.

Opinions differ about the tolerable limits of taxation and expenditure. But decisions have to be made. President Truman, for instance, proposes a program of twelve or fourteen points—housing, health, aid to education, public assistance, river development, and so on. Republicans and conservative Democrats oppose nearly everything. But some of the President's program gets by, and next year he offers a new program—one that is just as big. After low-income housing has been approved, a new program includes middle-income housing. The President recommends a tax increase. Congress ignores him. Congress passes a tax cut, which the President vetoes.

This has been the history of the past few years. How did it affect the budget? Since 1948 we have cut taxes about five billion, increased expenditures over seven billion, and we still



FEDERAL INCOME AND OUTGO

(FISCAL YEARS 1929 to 1950)

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have a budget that will balance if there is high employment in fiscal 1951.

We have been able to cut taxes five billion and raise expenditures seven billion dollars since 1948 because we started with a surplus of more than eight billion. Now that surplus is gone. From now on, barring inflation or continuously *increasing* deficits, expenditure increases plus tax cuts will be limited to the growth in revenue that results from a growing economy. That means about a billion a year—which is the increase in revenues that the existing tax system will yield in the early 1950's if the national income increases at its past average rate of about 2½ per cent a year. We can raise expenditures one billion a year without raising taxes. We can cut taxes one billion a year without cutting expenditures. Or we can raise expenditures a little and cut taxes a little.

Possibly the balance of political power will work out to give us some tax reduction and some expenditure increase within the limits set by the growth of the economy. If the costs of foreign aid and veterans' benefits decline, we can finance larger social programs with small net increases in the budget. Also, a great deal could be accomplished by some rather inexpensive tax reforms.

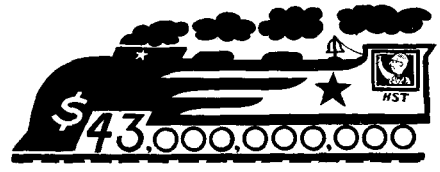
While we do not know the "best" course for expenditures and taxes, this would probably not be a bad one. However it depends upon a precarious balance of political power between the President and the conservatives.

It is not clear how far the difference between the President and the conservatives over the budget corresponds to any real division of sentiment within the country. "Economy and tax reduction" does not seem to be a program that wins elections.

Not all at once, but one by one and issue by issue, the Republicans may decide to give up opposition for competition—to try to win by offering more benefits through public expenditure. They are already in competition to see who can offer the farmers the most; they could easily be in competition over, say, reclamation, or housing, or aid to small business. The tug-of-war over the budget would become a race. If such a race develops, it will be hard to see any stopping point for the growth of the budget. —Herbert Stein

Keeping Farmers Solvent

Brannan's plan might also help consumers, but, like the present one, it is a stopgap



If Secretary of Agriculture Brannan were out to lampoon the Agricultural Act of 1949, passed over his protest last fall, he could not have arranged a better show than the one the public has been treated to these last few weeks. The comic peak was, of course, reached with the sale of potatoes for export at a cent a hundred pounds. Soon after that, Brannan, unable to move his potatoes even at this price, authorized the destruction of an estimated twenty-five million bushels. Earlier, the Secretary had asked Congress for an additional two billion dollars for the Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC), the outfit that supports farm prices. Now Congressmen are asking for substantial increases in the acreages of crops which have come under acreage restrictions according to the provisions of the 1949 Act.

What all this adds up to is bigger and fuller storage bins of wheat, corn, cotton, potatoes, and a host of other farm products that U. S. farmers appear to be producing less for the consumer than for the government pawnshop.

Attacks against Brannan's own plan for maintaining agricultural prices, which was advanced in April, 1949, reached a high during the 1949 convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago. "Waste of the taxpayer's money" and "regimentation of the American farmer" were the main indictments. In having to pass the hat for another two billion dollars to pay the expenses of Congress's own law, Brannan has delivered a striking reply to such cries of "waste." The potato pile-up indicates that severe controls are the only thing that can save the price-support system from falling into utter disrepute.

Perhaps this development may enable the public to learn that, far from being a radical departure from past history, the Brannan plan is only the latest in a series of stopgap agricultural measures which started with the setting up of the Federal Farm Board in 1929, and have unfortunately never been moved into the realm of long-range policy. When Brannan presented his program to Congress eleven months ago, he said that the result of his studies was not "likely to startle anyone. I have no revolutionary ideas," he went on, "to present to you. . . . These recommendations are not advanced as the final and exclusive answers to our farm problems. I would much rather have a program that will work well in the immediate future than one which will partly do the job for twenty years."

Brannan's idea that his plan would startle no one turned out to be wrong, but the rest of his statement indicates clearly the limited objectives of the program he offered. In fact, during his appearance before the Congressional Committee on Agriculture the Secretary went to considerable pains to prove that practically all of his suggestions had been contained in some form or other in previously proposed legislation, particularly the Agricultural Act of 1948, most of which never went into effect.

If Brannan's plan is merely a new variation on an old theme, and not a wide variation at that, what accounts for all the shouting and the insults traded between the pro-Brannanites and the anti-Brannanites? For one

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thing, of course, the issue is a highly political one. Mr. Brannan's effective use of farm issues in the 1948 election and the prospective use of such issues in this year's campaigns have spotlighted the farm vote more than usual. Personal antagonisms have also played their part, and finally, producers of various agricultural products have sided for or against the plan according to the benefits they expect to derive from it. The resulting witches' brew of ready-made catch phrases will neither help the housewife understand why the purchasing power of her food dollar is stubbornly sticking near postwar lows, nor lead to legislation that will bring the consumer a bigger and more varied food basket.

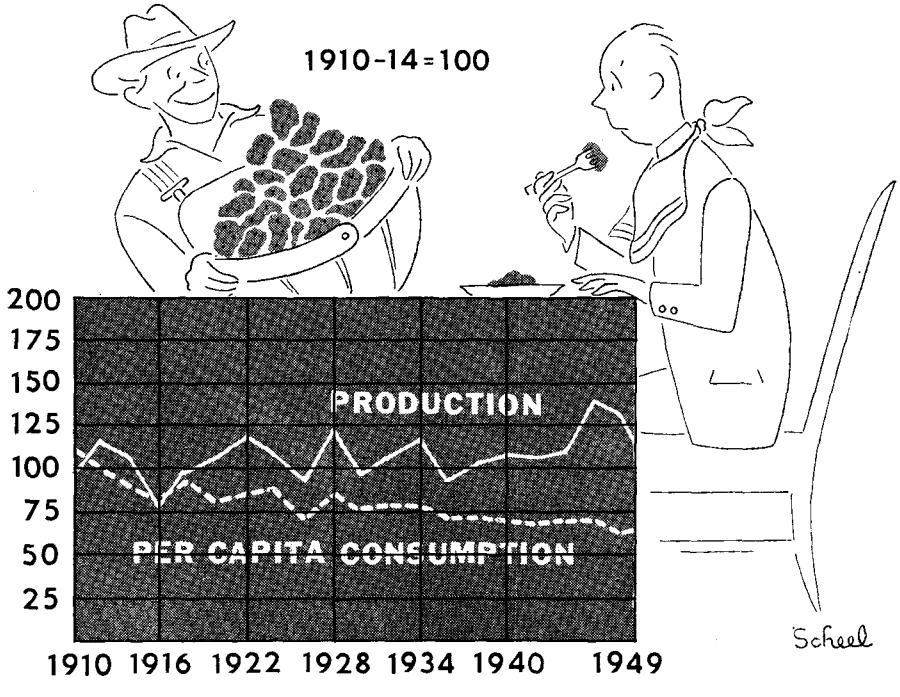
The principal argument against the Brannan plan has not been that it is just another way of subsidizing agriculture—a policy which appears to be accepted by everybody almost as a law of nature—but that it will cost too much. This attack is usually aimed at the plan's system of "production payments." Actually, nobody, including its author, has been able to figure out how much the Brannan plan will cost, or rather how much more it will cost than we are paying in farm subsidies now. This certainly is one of the weaknesses of the plan, and not merely from a public-relations angle. All that Mr. Brannan had to say in presenting the plan was that the program ". . . will cost money, and the returns will have to justify the cost." This was perhaps an example of intellectual honesty, but it was an even better example of how to hand one's opponents a perfect weapon.

The aura of "now you see it, now you don't" with which some of the Brannan supporters have tended to surround the plan's proposed production payments for perishable products has done the program more harm than good. Production payments, as proposed by Mr. Brannan, are direct payments made by the government to farmers, to represent the difference between the price received by the seller in the market and the support price established as "fair" by the government. The name production payment is derived from the fact that they are payments made, not for restriction, but for production. This type of support would *not* apply to products that can be stored, such as wheat, tobacco, and corn. In their case the current policy of keeping surpluses off the market, either by government purchase or Federal price guarantees, would continue to apply.

Production payments, the Brannanites say, admittedly would cost the taxpayer money, but would at the same time put money in his other pocket. The price of the commodity involved, they argue, would be allowed to find its true, and presumably lower, level in a market not kept artificially high by government-fixed minimum prices. The fight now rages over the relative amount of money in the taxpayer's two pockets, with Brannan's foes asserting that under the plan he would shell out more in taxes than he could hope to take in through paying lower prices. If, under the Brannan plan, the price-support program were broadened to include commodities not hitherto supported, the cost to the taxpayer would, of course, increase. Secondly, in the case of commodities kept in storage by the government, as at present, there is always the chance that the market may rise and enable the government to dispose of its stocks at cost or above. Brannan's proposed production payments, however, would be made without any chance of recovery, since they would apply to sales to final consumers. This, then, would constitute a second element of higher cost under the Brannan plan.

To what degree would these losses be offset, as Brannan claims, by lower prices? This depends upon so many factors that a prior judgment is practically out of the question. To begin with, one would have to assume that lower prices paid to farmers would be reflected in lower prices for consumers. To test this assumption, one would have to estimate, first, the level at which market prices would settle after rigid price guarantees had been removed, then changes in farm-production which might come as a reaction to the new policy, and finally, the level at which the government would decide to support individual products. It is obvious folly for either side to try to estimate the *cost* of the program. It might well turn out that in the case of one crop a small drop in price would cause enough additional consumption to prevent a further drop, thus holding the government payments at a minimum. In the case of a second crop the price might settle at a very low figure in relation to the government-supported price, thus forcing the government to make much larger payments.

In any case, there is much to be said for a program which seeks to stabilize



Potatoes: The farmer grows more; the consumer eats fewer

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the market through the expansion of consumption rather than restriction of production. In the first place, the spectacle of the government's being bound by law to keep food away from consumers is not one calculated to enhance respect for the workings of our economic processes. Secondly, allowing prices to be determined in the free market will indicate to some extent the existing demand for particular products. Finally, while everyone would benefit from the lower prices that might result, and suffer from the higher taxes needed to finance the program, the incidence of gain and loss would be uneven. The greatest benefits would undoubtedly come to the wage earner, who pays the lowest taxes and spends the largest portion of his income in food, and losses would be highest for larger taxpayers. This situation would seem preferable to the present one, expensive for all concerned.

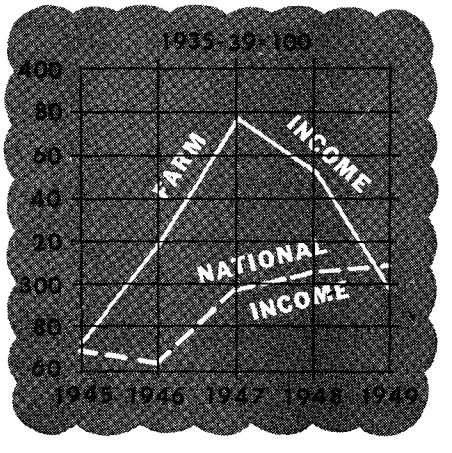
When the Brannan plan's advantages have been listed, its failure to alter the fundamental tenets of our farm policy stands out much more clearly. Like its forerunners, it is predicated on the belief that our agricultural establishment must be maintained at more or less its present size, and that agricultural income must not be allowed to drop, lest a depression follow. These beliefs are usually held by those who think that the only possible reaction to the phenomenon of falling farm prices is to support them, and never to wonder whether a price drop is not actually a signal that too much of a certain commodity is being produced.

Democrats and Republicans agree that it is unwise to expose agriculture to entirely free market forces, for, unlike industry, it cannot make quick and effective adjustments. But this does not mean that it must be completely shielded, and prevented from making adjustments to changes in consumer tastes, technology, foreign markets, and other basic factors. Such adjustments must be made eventually, if agriculture is to exist without public subsidies. One might well wonder, for instance, whether any support policy, even in the form of production payments, is the way to solve our potato problem. No matter how low the price, would all the potatoes now being produced ever be bought? Wouldn't it be preferable to divert labor, land, and equipment to the production of other products?

This is not a plea for a "hands-off" policy. Such a policy would invite economic and political disaster. But I do mean to suggest that the sooner we put an end to our emergency policy of subsidization—and devise a policy for starting American agriculture on the way to self-support—the better.

Beyond this, the notion that national welfare is somehow directly proportionate to the size of the farm population permeates the Brannan plan no less than its predecessors. A farm bill based on the proposition that a nation's standard of living rises as less of its resources are tied up in the production of food and fiber has yet to be, and perhaps never will be, written. Here too the Brannan plan runs in a familiar groove. Finally, even if we retain subsidies, there is the question of which sort of farmer benefits most from them. So far, large farmers have, with low production costs, gained disproportionately. The Brannan plan offers an innovation by attempting to limit payments per farm, but on the whole it continues to emphasize the maintenance of farm income as such and in toto.

There has rarely been a livelier ghost than the Brannan plan. Killed by Congress last fall, it has haunted conventions, forums, and Congress itself. It showed up in the President's State of the Union message, and it will undoubtedly loom large in the coming elections. It will thrive on the contradictions of our current farm policy, which are likely to reveal themselves in the coming months: the ineffectiveness of acreage limitations without marketing controls, the drive for special deals to increase previously reduced acreages; the contrast between CCC's bargain offers to foreign countries and its inability to dispose of stocks on the home market by sensible means; and the continuing attempts to find outlets for surplus food in anything but human stomachs. Finally, further drops in farm prices and income will in themselves stimulate a renewed search for a foolproof farm policy.



How farm and national income have gone up since 1944—taking the 1935-39 average as 100 for each

The Brannan plan does not constitute such a policy. It is an improvement over its predecessors in that it provides for at least some increased consumption rather than continuation of a policy of scarcity, but it still does not get at the root of the problem, which is a basic maldistribution of our productive resources. It carries on and even expands the tradition of subsidies, to agriculture without progressing toward conditions that would eventually make the subsidies unnecessary. —HANS LANDSBERG

Let 'em Eat Raisins

As 1950 began, the government found itself juggling about forty million bushels of very hot potatoes from one bureau to another, looking hard for some obtrusive way of dropping them without embarrassment. It had purchased fifty million bushels at a total cost of $75 million. One obliging commercial-alcohol company finally bought ten million bushels at bargain rates, although the molasses interests had their doubts about this transaction.

Several foreign consumers, especially Great Britain, would have been glad to take the potatoes, if they had had the dollars. The law permitted the Department of Agriculture to pay the freight charges involved in giving the potatoes away as livestock feed, but prohibited payment of freight charges to give the potatoes away for school lunches and welfare outlets. Not wishing to be caught feeding hogs and letting the children go hungry, the department sat tight and did nothing. Meanwhile, a trade agreement obliges us to import twenty million bushels of potatoes from Canada.

One canny farmer who is not distressed by the situation is Art Wardan of East Grand Forks, Maine. Wardan sold 160,000,000 pounds of potatoes to the government at $1.46 a hundredweight and bought them back at one cent a hundredweight, without letting the potatoes out of his sight.

There is no need to feel concern for the hogs that are being denied surplus government potatoes. Word has come in from California to the effect that the hogs in that region are having their palates titillated with surplus raisins, which cost the government eighty dollars a ton.

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The Sharecropper and the Shade-Maker

A Penalty for Smallness

The mills of Washington may grind fine, but not fine enough for the sharecroppers in the Boot Heel of southeast Missouri. Down there, men, women, and children have been tramping the muddy back roads from one big cotton farm to another in search of work. But the plantations are dropping sharecroppers, not taking them on. The region expects a mass exodus, although no one knows where the 'croppers will go—unless to the cities, where some of them are now trying to find jobs as unskilled laborers.

A government program aimed at protecting the cotton farmer had this unexpected effect. It is the Cotton Acreage Control Act, which the Eighty-first Congress put through in August, 1949, after it had turned down the Brannan plan. The point of acreage control is to prevent the cotton farmer from ruining himself by overproduction. It guarantees support prices, but provides for a reduction of twenty-three per cent from last year's national crop acreage.

When the program went into effect, it ended nearly eight years of expansive laissez-faire cotton planting in the seven-county area of southeastern Missouri called the Boot Heel because it looks like one on the map. During and immediately after the war, with the demand high, Boot Heel planters expanded their cotton acreage from 375,000 in 1939 to 555,000 in 1949.

This year, the Acreage Control Act will cut the planting back about a hundred thousand acres in the Boot Heel—mostly on the big plantations. One expected effect of the Act will be to shift some of the cotton production from the big lowland plantations to the individual, small cotton farmer; an unexpected effect is the displacement of the sharecropper. The 'cropper is employed principally by the big plantations, which have the capital to finance him between seasons. By rule of thumb, a thousand acres can support forty to sixty sharecropping families.

With acreage being reduced more than sixty per cent on some of the big farms, owners are letting the 'croppers out. One such owner is E. P. Coleman of Sikeston, Missouri, who last year employed ninety-three white and Negro sharecrop families on his 2,630-acre farm. Coleman's 1950 allotment is 907 acres, which means, he figures, that he will have to let sixty families go.

"I don't know what they are going to do," he said, "or where they'll go. I guess they don't know either."

Between seasons, the 'croppers live on credit—called their "furnish"—from the plantation owners. This is deducted from their earnings after the crop is picked. Sometimes the 'cropper nets enough extra cash to subsist for a while, but 1949 was a bad growing year and the picking season was shorter than usual.

The growers saw the program coming. They assumed the acreage cut would be based on the previous year's planting, as it used to be under the old AAA system, so they planted all the acreage they could afford, But they were fooled. The Production and Marketing Administration made the years 1945-1948 the basis for allotment.

In some areas, the 1949 acreage was so large that there weren't enough local 'croppers to do the picking. The state's Employment Security Division imported thirty-five hundred Mexicans to give the growers a hand. The division insists the Mexicans did not displace local labor, but the additional hands in the field shortened the picking season by six weeks, which meant that much less pay for the 'croppers.

During the growing season, the weather had been bad. Some farms reported their crop amounted to only fifty per cent of what they had anticipated. When the crop falls off, the 'cropper feels it first. A great many of them ended the year in debt.

The Federal Bureau of Employment Security reported still another factor contributing to the displacement of the sharecropper. There were more mechanical cotton pickers in the fields last year, and they made the season even shorter. The degree of displacement caused by the machines is not known, but the cotton picker is creating a deep disruption in the sharecrop economy of the cotton states. In the

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last week of February, unemployment among the Boot Heel sharecroppers was estimated at fifteen thousand.

It was inevitable, as the growers see it, that the price-support-and-acreage-control program would squeeze somebody. But the Federal government did not foresee that the principal victims would be the sharecroppers, because for purposes of national planning they do not exist. They are not covered by Social Security; they don't, for the most part, earn enough to pay income taxes; since they are here today and gone tomorrow, they elude even the census taker.

Washington, however, has been hearing about them in the last month. The politicians of the Tenth Congressional District of Missouri, who know the 'croppers vote straight Democratic when they vote, regard them as constituents, and their plight has come to the attention of those Washington statistical minds that love an unknown quantity.

This has created a little problem for Henry J. Sinclair, the Employment Security Division's Chief of Research and Analysis at Jefferson City, the state capital.

"There may be about forty-five thousand sharecroppers down in the Boot Heel," said Sinclair, "but we don't know. We just don't have the figures. Our Washington people are beginning to raise a little hell about that, and we're trying to get something."

In New Madrid County, about thirty sharecroppers have been applying for relief every day since mid-January. Most of them don't get it, because, under Missouri law, a family is ineligible for relief if it has an employable member—whether or not he can find a job. One of the 'croppers who was turned down identified himself as Dewalt Saunders of near Catron, Missouri.

Saunders, a small, rather stout man in his forties, has always been a farmer, and he said he once had a little farm in Arkansas. He lost it—he was not clear how—and since then he has been sharecropping. He came to Missouri in 1945 because pickings looked good.

"I made near a thousand dollars clear the first year," he said. "Thought I'd buy a little farm but never did. I reckon we'll have to git out of the house down by Catron pretty soon. Can't pay no rent when you can't find no work. I ain't got a car any more. Can't walk the family all the way to Arkansas. Don't even know how I'll git back to Catron from here, so I got to keep on till I git a job or I don't know what."

A Penalty for Bigness

Sometimes it seems as though the government mill grinds *too* fine—that it's designed to crush middle-sized business down into smallness.

Forty years ago, W. C. Patterson went into the window-shade business in Memphis. He moved to Indianapolis in 1930 and organized the Patterson Shade Company. In twenty years, he has built his business to a fair size: He has branched out into venetian blinds, linoleum, and carpeting, and now employs forty persons during the busy season. In Indianapolis, he is regarded as a successful small businessman.

The Federal Wage and Hour Division, concerned only with employers who have more than eight workers and are engaged in interstate commerce, covers the Patterson Shade Company, but Patterson himself was blissfully unaware of it until the inspectors went over his books in 1945. Although all his merchandise is sold in central Indiana, they declared he was subject to the Wages and Hours Act because he was in interstate commerce. For one thing, a substantial portion of his shades and venetian blinds hung in offices of firms which were selling products in interstate commerce. If that was not enough, his custom of purchasing venetian-blind slat stock, tape, and cord from supply houses in Chicago, and metal heads from New York City, was the clincher.

No sooner had Patterson become aware of the geographical ramifications of his business, which he had never appreciated before, than the division presented him with a bill for fifteen thousand dollars in back overtime.

"That was the first time they started in on us—in 1945," Patterson said. "They didn't make much noise the first time. I couldn't pay the back overtime and they knew it. They hinted it would be waived as long as we paid overtime in the future. So we did. There was nothing else to do."

Last summer, the inspectors returned. They went over the books and interviewed Patterson's employees, one by one, in private.

"The inspectors got pretty belligerent this time," Patterson said. "We had been paying time and a half to employees in the plant and to the deliverymen, but not to the bookkeeper or the cashier because they work in the office.

"The wages-and-hours people said the bookkeeper and cashier were covered because they handle the invoices for our blinds that go to our customers who are connected with plants that manufacture products that are in interstate commerce, if you follow. So we had to pay back salary to the bookkeeper and cashier."

Patterson competes with seven other

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firms in Indianapolis, but all of them are exempt from the law because they do not sell to firms in interstate commerce. They are giving him a run for his money. His overtime costs are often above their entire payrolls.

"It doesn't seem to pay to grow much in this business nowadays," Patterson said reflectively. "The way we operate you can't reduce the unit cost by increasing production, because our work is seasonal and we can handle all the customers we can get at our present capacity.

"You see, Indianapolis is a great town for spring house cleaning, and that's when we sell the shades and venetian blinds we make in the factory. In the South they clean house in the fall, or they used to, but here it's the spring.

"Most of our blinds are made to order, so we put more men on in the factory when the demand is biggest. That's in the spring, as I said, and we have about forty on then. Some weeks there is more work than the factory men can turn out in forty hours, so we run into overtime."

Patterson estimated the extra cost of running his business under Federal regulations at about ten thousand dollars a year. He has accepted it philosophically, but what really worries him now is the new seventy-five-cent minimum wage.

"I may get a break," he said. "The new law seems to exempt retail establishments that sell over fifty per cent of the products they make within the state. I took it up with the state chamber of commerce to see where I stand, and they think it looks hopeful.

"The thing that has me at my wits' end is the seventy-five-cent minimum. I have four to twelve women assembling blinds at sixty-five cents, and that's all the pay is in this business. If I have to pay them ten cents an hour more, I'll have to raise my prices.

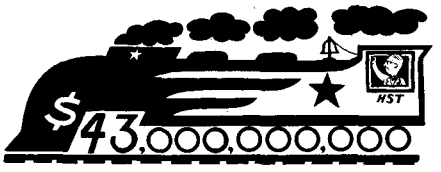
"That will be poison. Nobody's forcing the little fellows to pay seventy-five cents, or even overtime. If my costs go up, theirs won't. Fact is there may come a point where I can't stay in business this way. If I'm within the exemption, I'm all right.

"I only hope we can find out pretty soon. As I said, Indianapolis is a big house-cleaning town in the spring."

—Richard Lewis

Budget-Chopping Liberal

Senator Douglas of Illinois favors the Fair Deal, but thinks he knows how to get it at a discount



Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois believes that deficit spending has set up a conditioned reflex in modern liberals. Pavlov's dog came to associate food with the ringing of a bell. The post-Roosevelt liberals, says Douglas, are behaving like the dog. When Roosevelt was getting the New Deal started, he had to practice deficit financing. So now they think, "no deficit financing, no liberalism."

Douglas has been the junior Senator from his state for scarcely more than a year, but men who have been around Washington for a long time say they have seldom seen a freshman who seemed more naturally adapted to the role of Senator. He had been on the job little more than six months when news correspondents, in answering a poll, ranked him right after Taft and Vandenberg in general ability and usefulness. By the end of his first year he had emerged as a unique figure.

An ex-professor of economics, ex-alderman, and ex-Marine, Douglas is a true independent. He supported Norman Thomas for President in 1928, and in 1932 he wrote a book proving the need for a "people's political alliance" to displace both old parties. During his progress from unattached radical to New Dealer to Democrat, he could never quite be tagged as "regular" anything, and he made no effort to cover his political tracks.

As a candidate for Senator in 1948, he said in a public speech what many Democrats were muttering privately—that Truman should withdraw in favor of Eisenhower. In 1939 he had led a movement to draft Harold Ickes as Mayor of Chicago, to replace Boss Ed Kelly. To his own amazement, Boss Kelly supported him that same year for alderman from the University of Chicago's ward. After dashing himself up against the derision, contempt, and overwhelming unfavorable votes of the Kelly machine's city council for three years, he became the anti-Kelly candidate for Senator, and lost. Six years later the machine, having sent his wife, Emily Taft Douglas, to Congress in the interim, while Douglas was collecting two Purple Hearts with the Marines, was happy to nominate Douglas for the Senatorial post he had originally sought in 1942. Today the machine is learning that it elected a liberal, but not a regular.

Douglas developed his Pavlovian theory of liberalism and deficit financing to explain why no conspicuous progressives fell in behind him when he raised the banner of a balanced budget soon after reaching Washington in January, 1949. Instead, friends came around to ask why he spent so much energy on a cause better left to conservatives like Byrd and Capehart.

He found this astonishing. As an economist he is enough of a disciple of the late John Maynard Keynes to believe that deficit spending is necessary and desirable during a period of deflation. But he also believes that chronic deficits while business is on the upswing amount to slow inflation, which, as it cuts the value of fixed incomes, can only end in a demand for economy so powerful that welfare expenditures will be the first to suffer. As long as the Byrds and Capeharts were pleading economy for the covert purpose of destroying welfare programs, somebody,

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Douglas felt, should plead economy for the purpose of preserving them.

As an alderman in Chicago, Douglas could fight for economy without losing any standing as a liberal. Nobody taxed him with dereliction when he tried, valiantly and in vain, to reduce the number of Chicago River bridge tenders who idle the winter away with no boats to open the bridges for.

Since he first got into public affairs as a critic of Insull's utility manipulations in the early 1930's, Douglas has seen a lot of government. He served as an adviser on unemployment for Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in New York and for Governor Gifford Pinchot in Pennsylvania. He wrote Illinois' old-age pension law, and served on the NRA consumers' council. All of this experience gave him a strong hunch that most governmental agencies, like most military organizations, are overstaffed. When he fired his first salvo, by accident, at the budgets of the Labor Department and Federal Security Agency, he was accused of being anti-labor and anti-security.

Undismayed, Douglas next tackled, with a combination of professorial innocence and political incaution, the appropriations of the Army Engineers. In moving to whack forty per cent off the funds for rivers and harbors, he was assaulting an ancient but well-fortified side of the pork barrel. There was something for forty-five states in the rivers and harbors bill. It seemed to Douglas that all forty-five states landed on him. Their Senators had a lot of bitter fun pointing out that Douglas himself had appeared before the committee on behalf of a channel improvement at Chicago.

This he had done. But, he asked, cannot a Senator represent his constituents before a committee, and still represent the whole country on the floor of the Senate? Somebody, he argued, had to fight for the *general* interest sometime. He was defeated.

There are two ways of interpreting Douglas's independence. Those who think in conventional Chicago political terms—"what's his angle?"—are likely to regard his departures from orthodoxy as a calculated cultivation of availability for some future preferment, possibly the Presidency.

Geographically, at least, he has a good background for the job. He was born and educated in Maine; he taught for a while at Reed College in Oregon; he now represents the key state of Illinois. He has age (fifty-seven years) and experience, along with a distinguished military record. While there is no doubt about his basic liberalism, he deviates from the party line enough to appeal to groups outside the liberal fold. His economy drive brought him applause at Chicago's Union League Club, and his appeal for moderation on civil rights has caused the Southern Democrats to regard him with something less than cold hostility.

The "angle," however, may be much simpler than any of these. Douglas has a politician's normal interest in political self-preservation, and he thinks a Senatorship is "the most fascinating job in the world." But he also has an old-fashioned conception of duty. Willing to make a reasonable adjustment between his own views and political realities, he never forgets the limitations imposed on that adjustment by his conscience. "In the showdown," he says, "I've got to do my duty as I see it. If that means political suicide, I can always go back to teaching."

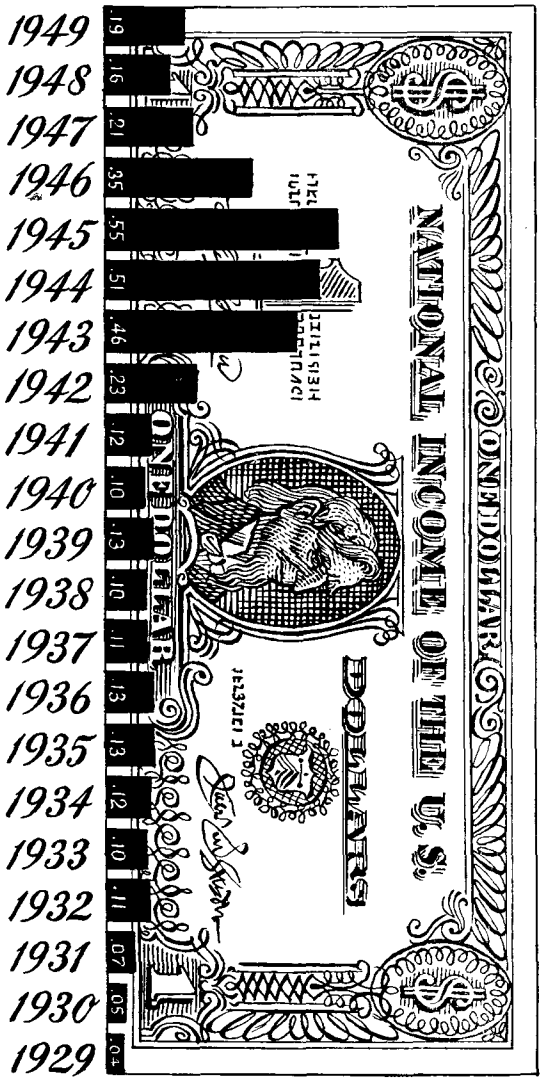
After the war, Douglas spent a year in a naval hospital trying to cure a crippled left arm, which is still impaired. When he returned to Chicago there was little doubt that he could have a political career if he wanted one. In 1948, the Democratic organization endorsed him for Senator and he threw himself into a tireless campaign. He shook thousands of hands, stood outside factory gates, held forth in general stores, and made more than a thousand speeches.

The Republicans devoted much effort to exposing his earlier association with various left-wing organizations, but it was hard to make any disloyalty smear stick in the case of a fifty-six-year-old Quaker with a medal for valor in combat. When the votes were counted, he had defeated C. Wayland Brooks, the *Tribune's* trained isolationist, by four hundred thousand.

Having opposed the Taft-Hartley Act from the beginning, Douglas entered the Senate as the Democratic Party's best hope of matching Taft's intellectual skill on labor issues. Douglas had once written a scholarly treatise on the theory of wages and served as an arbitrator in the newspaper industry. Though he sought repeal of Taft-Hartley, because he considered it a punitive weapon which could be used in times of depression to destroy the union movement, Douglas refused to remain set in a pro-labor mold. While more than holding his own with Taft in debate, he departed from the Administration line to advocate temporary government seizure of plants to avert national emergencies.

So, too, he disappointed some of his Negro backers by skirting too close to compromise on civil rights. For his maiden speech in the Senate, he chose the moment of the South's filibuster against a change in rules designed to weaken the filibuster. Midway in a

The Federal Government's Cut



Government expenditures—percentage of national income

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thoughtful discourse on sectionalism in American politics, he was challenged by Russell of Georgia. In the colloquy that followed, Douglas remarked that while he was personally opposed to segregation he did not insist "that in the social relations which men have with each other they must be forced to mingle." That, he said, "is an individual matter, and, in many cases, a matter for local decision." He argued that non-discrimination in the armed services, for example, meant only "equality of treatment," which, he said, could be achieved with Negro troops segregated in their own battalions and regiments. Russell remarked, "I do not think [you] and I are so far apart . . ." This pleasantness was, of course, noted with alarm by Douglas's constituents in the Black Belt of Chicago.

Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois

Despite this possible alienation of the Negro vote, Douglas did not hesitate, a month later, to lead the fight against the Bricker-Cain amendment to the housing bill. Bricker and Cain, having established themselves as bitter enemies of government housing, sought to attach a non-segregation proviso to the bill. Douglas was in favor of proclaiming non-segregation for public housing in his own city, or in Washington, the show window of the nation. But he saw no point in proclaiming national non-segregation for housing that would never be built.

Douglas disappointed some other friends by declining to support Truman's plan for national health insurance. He had written in 1933: "In the course of the next century, medical care will probably be put at the disposal of the community about as freely as education is now, and the present objectors to socialized medicine will seem to our grandchildren to be as fantastically anachronistic as those who fought free public education now seem to us." Sixteen years later, as a Senator, he saw difficulties in the way of putting medicine completely at the disposal of the community. He proposed a "limited-liability" compulsory insurance plan under which employed persons would be protected only against "catastrophic" medical expenses.

In foreign policy Douglas's chief contribution to date has been his sponsorship, with Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah, of a resolution to invoke the collective-self-defense clause of the United Nations Charter.

They propose a treaty, to be open to any U.N. member who wishes to join, which would bind its signatories to mutual defense against acts of aggression in case the Security Council proved unable to act.

The resolution puts Douglas somewhat to the right of the various world government groups clamoring for revision or abandonment of the U. N. Charter, and somewhat to the left of the power-politics school.

This pattern of compromise appears to run through everything Douglas stands for. Usually a thread of firm principle is an equally important part of the pattern. For example, it would have been easy for him, in the debate on the basing-point bill, to support the compromise sponsored by O'Mahoney of Wyoming. As an economist, however, Douglas believes that basing points are one of the principal weapons by which monopolistic industries throttle price competition, and he was one of the few Senators to fight the legalization of this pricing method.

Though he represents a major farm state, he has skirted the boiling controversy over the Brannan plan, and has been fairly quiet on the whole subject of farm subsidies.

In arguing for economy, he has declared that the Truman budget derives most of its magnitude not from the welfare state but from the "warfare state"; yet he has proposed no reduction in the military budget beyond the administrative economies urged by the Hoover report, nor has he opposed the cold-war policies of which big armaments are the outward expression.

Finally, it seems doubtful that he could bring to the reduction of veterans' benefits the same hot zeal with which he approaches the deflation of the civil bureaucracy. Critics can say that unless he is ready to cut some of the big expenditures, of which farm benefits, military outlays, and veterans' gravy make up a considerable part, his economy drive simmers down to an exercise in pennypinching.

—Robert Lasch

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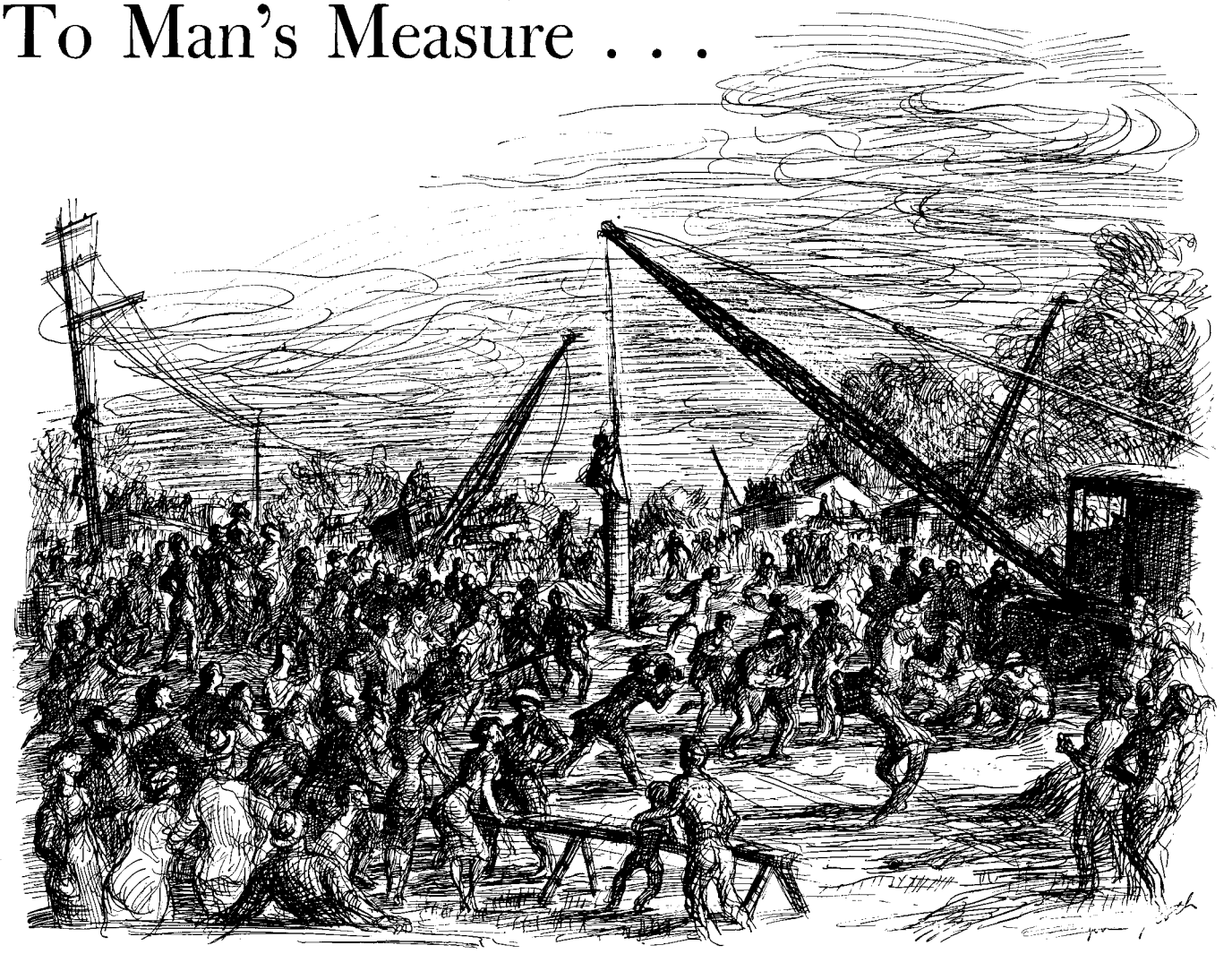
To Man's Measure . . .



Genocide and Mercy Killing

The radio people canceled all sorts of programs. We had to do without giveaways and comics for many hours. That was when little Kathy fell down the narrow tube of the well. A year ago? Or more? One would expect to remember. The child was playing, and there was an open tube going down into the earth. At first someone thought he heard her crying, but after that there was silence. The rescue teams dug a shaft parallel to the tube. They were miners, and they knew how to do it. The shaft had a cave-in. They dug another shaft on the other side. The reporters kept talking into the microphone. They took turns. They explained how long they had been talking. One would expect to remember their words. They described the crowd. It looked like a picnic crowd, they said, but "dignified." The crowd was there because it was sorry for little Kathy and her parents. The men who were peddling soft drinks and hot dogs were sorry too. At night the scene was floodlighted. One would expect to remember how late it was at night (Eastern time) when the family doctor read a statement from the parents: "We want to thank you all for your help and sympathy . . ." The doctor said: "We have reached little Kathy and she is dead. We ask you all to go home. That is the way you would like it. You would not want a crowd around if it were your child. The body will not be removed until morning."

That was the story of little Kathy, and one would remember more of it if there were anything much to remember.

○

It is all very well to talk about living with a sense of objectivity and proportion. Those are two of the noblest words man has coined. If he were to take them seriously life would come to a standstill.

The light fades on this winter afternoon in the city, the snow has turned to sleet; but in Peru it is summer, and somewhere it is not late afternoon but dawn. Our winter day is a short day, but on some star the day lasts five million of our years, and on another star the day lasts five of our minutes. Beyond the stars the universe expands through uncountable time into immeasurable space. In the proportions of the universe our years, seasons, and days are so brief as to be meaningless.

○

Separated from us by a few inches of brick, plaster, and paint are the tenants of the apartment next door: name, unknown; credit rating, unknown; state of health, happiness, loyalty to the

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United States in the matter of atomic research, religious allegiance, intellectual pursuits, unknown. The people next door have not been brought to our attention—nor have that young couple in Shanghai to whom, precisely at this instant, a child is born; nor have those two men who, precisely at this instant, are walking, hungry and homeless, through the streets of Warsaw. We do not see people unless they are brought to our attention.

○

A full sense of proportion would be intolerable. It is far better to be sorry for little Kathy and her parents—if one can be certain that it is sorrow one feels and not a certain kind of morbid excitement—than to fall into the trap of measuring man's life against eternity. For if you fall into the trap, this man opposite you in the subway reading the paper is again a child, trustful, learning to speak, amazed at every discovery, delighted with its hands and legs; and he is simultaneously himself, as he sits there in the subway; and simultaneously, an old man, already held in the ultimate fatigue, already at the portals of death.

○

We know only what we see; we are blind to humanity in the mass and to statistics about it. That is why the United Nations has had so difficult a time in its attempts to outlaw genocide. It is a new word; it is not in the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. It is made up of the Latin noun *gens:* a family, a people; and the Latin verb *caedere:* to kill. Parricide, matricide, fratricide have long been considered crimes. It is now laboriously being debated whether it is not also criminal to kill families and peoples, weak families and weak peoples, for the good of a nation, of course, for the good of a race. That was Hitler's idea, of course, but you never can tell when someone will think that it would be better if there were no more Americans, or when someone will think that the inhabitants of Moscow or of Kiev are a special kind of people the world can do better without. Genocide is difficult to legislate about, because in war even democracies might find themselves involved in something terribly close to it.

It would be highly desirable to outlaw genocide as carried out by man, either through the use of gas chambers, firing squads, or the broader, more effective means of plutonium or hydrogen bombs. Quite sufficient for man's misery is the fact that there already exists an impartial, entirely dependable genocide, indifferent not only to race and religion, but to virtue and vice as well, that wipes out every generation with man's modest assistance or without.

○

There is also "mercy-killing," and a lot of doctors and ministers want to legislate about that too. They want to arrange it so that the doctor and the minister will stand equivocally at the bedside and the patient will look at them, no longer knowing for what purpose they come. The doctor will bring his bag, his instruments, his Hippocratic oath—forsworn; the representative of God, God's word—become incoherent. For the hand that cures will present the phial that kills; the word that promises life will sanction death. We seek to legislate our grief out of existence, we are impatient of our state, impatient with this swift passage that we make through the world. Here again is the laughter in our misery. When Carol Ann Paight was acquitted after she had shot her father, to hasten the infinitely rapid, her mother said: "I'm so happy I could die."

○

The nationalists are bombing the Chinese mainland from Formosa, now, today, at this moment. But it is not Chinese death, it is the first death a person remembers that counts.

There was a large parasol over the driver's seat at the front of the wagon and the white horse pulled the delivery wagon up the steep village street with the sunlight making the street very white. The child sat beside old Willie Ledeu, getting a ride up the hill. Then some people ran to the corner. Just ahead the child could see an overturned surrey, a horse struggling to rise; he could not see the driver; the crowd was bending over him. When Willie Ledeu got to the corner he pulled the parasol down sideways, so that the child could not see the man lying on the ground. He did not say anything; he just pulled down the parasol. That is the death that counts.

○

The wars and the poverty; the nameless poor standing in the bread line on Mott Street in New York; the all-night lunch counter next to Bellevue Hospital in New York, where anxious parents sit drinking coffee; the lonely man brought into the police station for questioning in Moscow, in Warsaw, in Boston, Massachusetts; the nameless Arab lost in the desert—they are invisible to us. The distant sky is filled with lightning. There is no such thing as heat lightning, we are told. The lightning we see is a bolt falling somewhere. The lightning of compassion is the bolt that falls close, deafening to the ear, blinding to the sight. The repetitive and constant monotony of death—and of birth too—cannot concern us immediately. The incalculable statistics of humanity can interest only the eye, the ear, the heart of God.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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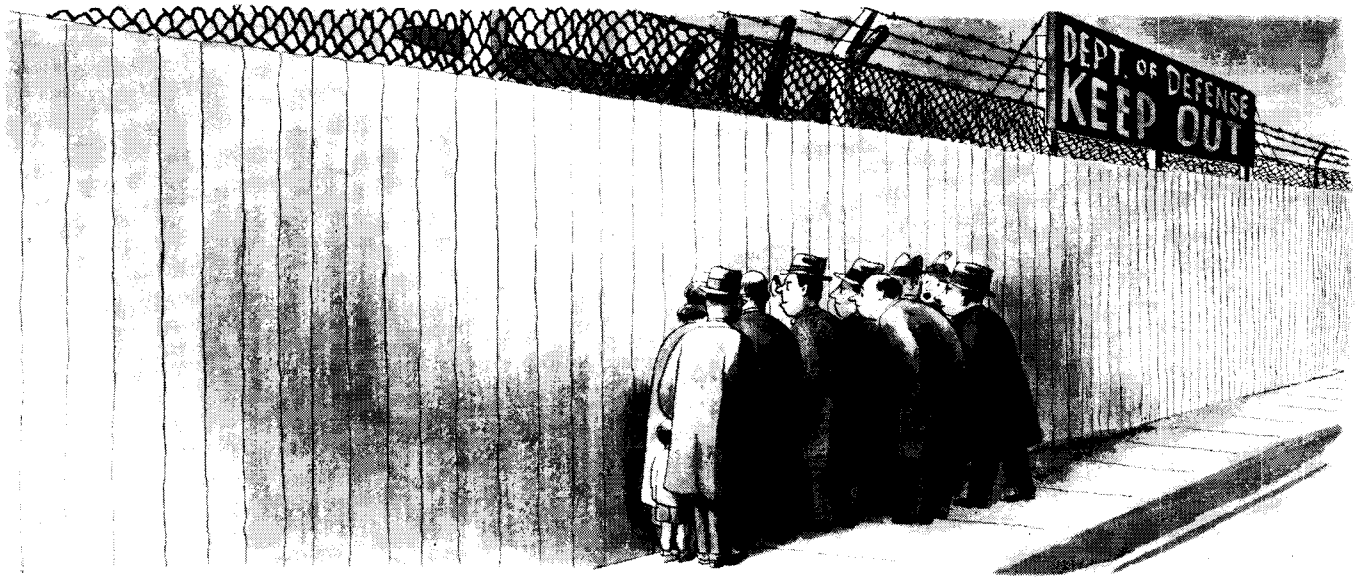

Louis Johnson vs. Congress

As legislative authority gives in to the military, the defense boss punishes outspoken Navy witnesses, presses dubious strategy of horror

Last October the House Armed Services Committee lifted the flood gates of a great reservoir of discontent in the U. S. Navy. A tide of military information flowed out over Capitol Hill—solid, authoritative data, some of it seasoned with the indignation of a score of Navy and Marine officers who believed that both their services and the nation's security were being ignored and imperiled.

At the end, however, it was manifest that very little had been accomplished. Now, with Congress again in session, that fact is even more evident. For the true function of a Congressional investigation is to gather factual information that leads to legislation. No legislative action of any sort appears to be in the works as a result of the committee's hearings.

The Navy came off badly. Its officer corps was purged. Its skillfully deployed factual evidence has been ignored in the subsequent making of military policy. Its striking power on the seas and in the air is being reduced more heavily and more rapidly than before.

These setbacks are serious for the Navy; they may also prove to be serious for the nation. Congress, too, came off badly, because it lost its assured power of inquiry into the armed forces. The House committee promised absolute immunity to the naval witnesses, so that they could tell the whole truth as they saw it. But Admiral Louis Denfeld, Chief of Naval Operations, was later removed, and left with no choice but to abandon a forty-year career. If the Secretary of Defense (or the Commander-in-Chief) can punish Denfeld for criticizing his superiors in testimony before Congress, he can penalize anybody in uniform who in future may do the same thing. The handwriting is on the wall, for all military men to read. If that precedent holds, no Congressional committee in future can call in officers as witnesses and expect them to speak with candor. It is precisely here that civilian control of the armed forces —a cardinal principle of democratic government—is at stake.

The American people likewise came off badly, because the committee never got quite to the point of examining critically the Truman-Johnson-Bradley concept of war—the strategy of annihilation which is the core of present-day American military policy. As Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson supervises the expenditure of about a third of all the money spent by the government. The central task of the House committee was to inquire whether it is militarily feasible and morally defensible to use that staggering sum of money to build an American war machine designed for the mass de-

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struction of urban populations overseas.

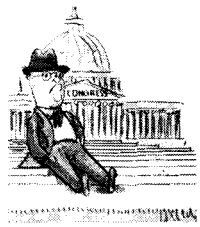
This, not the adequacy of the six-engined B-36 bomber or the relative value of carrier-based air power, was the fundamental question at issue. It was ignored. Rear Admiral R. A. Ofstie, the witness who discussed it most specifically got little attention. U. S. military policy, today more than ever, *is* based upon a strategy of annihilation. This was dramatically confirmed when Mr. Truman revealed his decision to proceed with the manufacture of the hydrogen bomb. The H-bomb, like its punier plutonium predecessor, is a weapon for the wholesale destruction of cities and populations.

The hearings consisted of two main performances—of unequal length and importance. First the Air Force had its turn. A procession of high officers explained that the B-36 was a splendid aircraft, that it had been chosen after exacting tests and careful studies—without any trace of political pressure or influence. The B-36, they declared, is the true intercontinental bomber, immune to night interception, capable of dealing catastrophic defeat to any enemy. Then the inquiry was abruptly reversed and pointed at the Navy. The committee heard denunciations of the "anonymous document" written by a civilian employee, Cedric Worth, which had precipitated the investigation. The document itself was a slovenly, ill-prepared piece of prose which by innuendo suggested a great many irregularities in the B-36 program but which failed entirely to prove them or point the way to proof.

The initial sessions closed with the Air Force taking every round. The Navy had been thrown completely on the defensive, and even launched its own inquiry to find who helped Worth write his "anonymous document." By October, however, Capt. John Crommelin's dramatic defiance of regulations—a violation of discipline, not of security—brought into the open what everyone knew anyway; that the officer corps of the Navy was bitterly resentful of Louis Johnson's pro-Air Force policy, and that the inquiry up to that point had been a whitewash. The committee opened its doors to the "silent service."

For two weeks, a succession of angry but well-prepared Navy men recited their grievances and the facts to buttress them. Admiral Arthur W. Radford opened up and set the tone by stamping the B-36 as "a billion-dollar blunder." A string of captains and commanders discussed the interception problem, radar search, jet-fighter performance, night fighters, guided missiles, bombing accuracies, and naval air power. Capt. A. A. Burke, one of the Navy's great Second World War heroes, handled the touchy subject of large carriers. Fleet Admirals Halsey, King, and Nimitz submitted their general views on the employment of naval air power.

From all the bulky evidence submitted by these and other officers, a few basic ideas emerged. Bigger aircraft carriers, they said, will be needed to handle the heavier, faster planes of the future. Sea-based aircraft have a vital role in anti-submarine warfare. The Navy now has fighter planes that, according to its own spokesmen, can intercept and destroy such bombers as the B-36; and a future enemy presumably would have such interceptors also. Ground-to-air guided missiles will force bombers of the future to such altitudes that they cannot bomb with accuracy. Victory in future war is not to be expected from independent strategic bombardment, but rather from the use of integrated ground, sea, and air weapons. Aerial bombing on a mass-destruction pattern is inefficient as well as cruel, and creates postwar problems out of proportion to its military accomplishments in wartime.



All this added up to an impressive case against the prevailing government concept of how a future war should be fought. But the Navy itself was impaled on the horns of an awkward inconsistency. Its spokesmen objected strongly to the procedure of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in which the two other services joined forces to veto weapons the Navy wanted. What the Navy high command mainly needed was protection against such squeeze plays by the Joint Chiefs, since it contended that each service should be the judge of its own weapons problems. Unfortunately, its members used the House inquiry as a sounding-board to discredit the most cherished weapon of another service. This inconsistency cost the Navy something in public good will.

From this and the temper of subsequent testimony, the whole enterprise was labeled "the revolt of the admirals" and was pictured as "resistance to civilian control." In reality, it was nothing of the sort; but the damage was done all the same. Actually, the naval officers were appealing, over the heads of the Joint Chiefs and the Secretary of Defense, to Congress—a civilian body if ever there was one. Their effort was calculated to *restore* civilian control of the armed forces, which, they felt, had been gravely impaired. But the Navy's campaign didn't work, because it didn't give the public that impression.

So far as the Navy was concerned, the net results were the summary dismissal of Admiral Denfeld without notice; the *public* rebuke of Capt. Crommelin, in violation of his rights as a career officer; and the by-passing of several naval witnesses — Admirals Blandy, Kinkaid, and Conolly—when the time came to replace Denfeld, in favor of a considerably junior officer. A further result, just now becoming apparent, was the cutting back of naval striking power.

The authority of Congress over the armed forces is clear. According to the Constitution, "The Congress shall have Power . . . To raise and support Armies . . . To provide and maintain a Navy; To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of the land and naval Forces." Through the decades, pursuant to these broad grants of power and its further power to appropriate money, Congress has made detailed provisions for the composition, equipment, disposition, promotion, and compensation of the armed forces.

But if the trend of the last four years is a yardstick, Congress is losing its grip. It is losing its access to the officer ranks of the armed services, and it is losing its power to make military policy by detailing armed-forces expenditure. We now spend about fourteen billion

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dollars a year for the armed forces. Yet the Secretary of Defense, a political appointee, is using unprecedented authority to change the expenditures ordered by Congress. He has immensely greater funds to use at his discretion than any officer of the government ever before had in peacetime.

He has used this power to weaken the Navy and to expand the strategic aviation of the Air Force. That is why the issue was brought into the open by Naval officers. But it could have been quite the reverse; and the problem would have been the same. For the problem is the shift of authority from the legislative branch to a single, non-elective official of the executive branch. Congress is losing its historic power to write basic military policy. The people's elected representatives are yielding tremendous authority to an appointed functionary.

In addition, Congress is losing, by degrees, the right to be consulted on many top-level decisions of military policy. Secrecy, spread like a smothering blanket over great segments of our atomic-war preparations, deprives the people of facts they need to form judgments, and therefore deprives Congress of the means of expressing what is called public opinion. Most members of Congress could not find out enough about the factors involved in the hydrogen bomb to make an informed decision on it. Furthermore, the decision was not theirs to make. Although a few Senators and Congressmen were consulted, it does not appear that the President waited for their judgment before he acted on his own responsibility as Chief Executive.

The same pervasive secrecy, inspired by the hysteria of flamboyant espionage trials, has made the public service unattractive to many scientists. This year it was impossible to recruit enough young scientists and technicians to take all the Federal scholarships available in nuclear physics and related fields under the Atomic Energy Commission. Scholars just won't submit to "loyalty checks," after seeing how confidential dossiers can be pried out of government files and used to persecute people who have no means of defending themselves. Secrecy in this pattern impairs our own long-range security, because it chills the spirit of scholarly research and drastically reduces the numbers of men and women who will be equipped, ten years from now, to fight effectively on the scientific front—an increasingly vital one.

Aside from its damaging impact on the Navy and on the powers of Congress, however, the B-36 inquiry was most noteworthy for its failure to come to grips with the central concept of national strategy—the concept for which the B-36 and the atomic bomb are but symbols and implements.

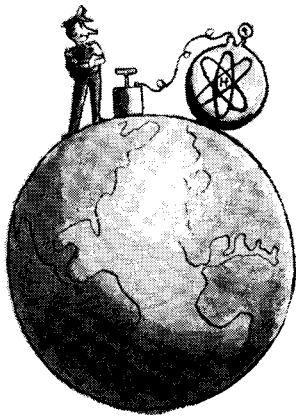
If we could be reasonably sure of inflicting defeat on our prospective enemy by strategic air bombardment with heavy, long-range bombers and A-bombs (or H-bombs), the glorification of the B-36 and the systematic paring down of the Navy might seem the course of wisdom. If, on the other hand, a mass-annihilation strategy seems likely to be ineffective in checking an advance of the Red Army across Europe, or if such a strategy seems likely to make ours the most feared and hated nation in the world, we should re-examine and revise the policy which has carried us so far toward a doctrine of *Schrechlichkeit*—sheer frightfulness.

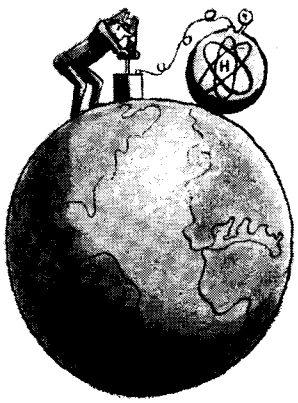
Manifestly, this is not a technical decision which can properly be left to the National Security Council, heavily influenced as it is by the military. Nor is it rightly a matter for Presidential decision. In our tradition, this is precisely the sort of problem which the Congress should study, debate, and rule upon, in the light of public opinion. In its original agenda, the B-36 inquiry included this question specifically. But the debate never materialized during the hearings.

Somewhere back of the problem of where legitimate warfare leaves off and frightfulness begins is a still larger one: Can we perform the task of a great military state without turning into one?

Day by day, we see emerging in America the marks of the military state. A non-elective Cabinet officer has virtually final authority to direct the use of military funds. The Navy has been purged to enforce compliance, to punish public criticism of a superior official's military policy. There is the decision to make hydrogen bombs, reached without debate or democratic consultation. There is a thickening blanket of secrecy which cuts the government off from the people to whom it is responsible.

All of these things have taken place because the United States has inherited the task of a giant military state. Only with enormous military power in readi-





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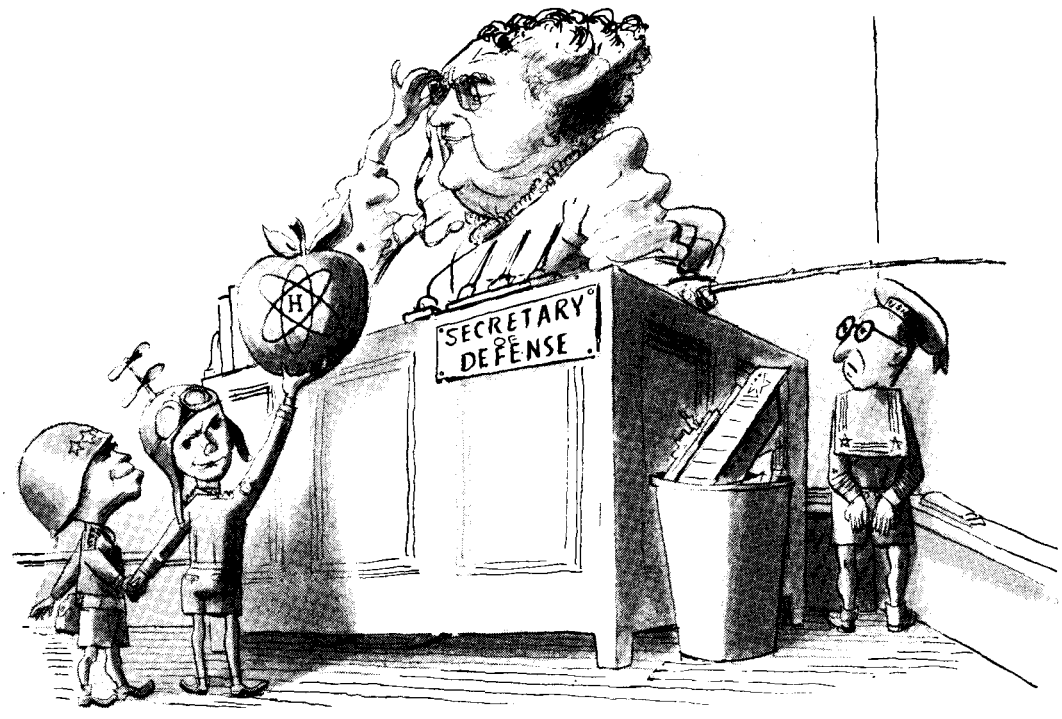
ness can the United States prevent the steady expansion of Russia. But no people in modern history ever set itself such a task and organized itself for such an effort in peacetime, and remained a free democracy.

The United States emerged from the Second World War the only major belligerent undamaged by enemy attack, and enjoying greater productive capacity than it had before the war. We fell heir to the historic roles of Britain and France as chief defender of the free world against hostile dictatorships. From its former placid spot on the outer rim of world politics, the United States was plunged into the center. Facing a hostile, expansionist Soviet Union, America has turned reluctantly to the basic prewar policies of Britain and France —to military alliances and the maintenance of a large military establishment in peacetime, reinforced by military conscription, and also by weapons of annihilation unknown to the militarized states of the past.



Directly or through the Communist Party, Moscow today governs a continental space from the Elbe eastward to the Sea of Japan, curving southward to the frontier of French Indo-China. In that space live just about one-third of the people of the world. The *Politburo* is obviously launching a new plan designed to consolidate all the human and material resources of this domain into a single, disciplined unity. It uses the methods of the police state to enforce that discipline. It is a military state, as truly as Hitler's Third Reich was.

The United States cannot utilize the methods of the police state, either to discipline its people or to insure the readiness of its economy. If it is to remain a free country, it cannot let military administrators supplant civilian legislation in authority.

At every turn, in every section of our national life, we are stumbling into the same grim choice between the demands of national security and those of individual liberty. The answer will have to come in great part from Congress. It can reassert its power of inquiry—its right to question military and civil officers in all ranks without subjecting them to reprisal from their superiors. It can reassert its right to legislate in detail and with finality for the armed forces. These are constitutional matters. They won't get much notice in press or public discusion. But they are fundamental.

Some day, of course, we shall have the answer. We shall know whether it is possible to perform the historic mission of a giant military power without losing our freedom as individuals. But unless we are steadily aware of the stakes, we may get the wrong answer—and get it too late.

—William H. Hessler

On Unification

". . . I myself regard the heavy bomber as having had its day in the last war, when it was undoubtedly the predominant weapon, just as the U-boat was the predominant weapon of the 1914 war and was only prevented from winning it by the stupidity of the old German admirals and generals who would not give it a chance. . . . I have not the slightest doubt that the Air Force will go the way of the other services and tend to cling to the antiquated weapons with which it will conceive its interests to be bound up; an obvious line of defence for the bomber will be to insist on its use for the dropping of atomic bombs.

There is only one answer to this otherwise inevitable tendency in each of the services to get tied to a particular and invariably obsolete weapon, and all weapons are obsolete as soon as they are in use. There must be only one service; the survival of three of them at this stage in the development of armaments is wholly idiotic. . . ."
—Sir Arthur Harris, Wartime Commander-in-Chief of R.A.F. Bomber Command, in *Bomber Offensive*.

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Boston

The Censor's Double Standard

Only a few yards off Scollay Square in Boston, in a dirty, brief slot of an alley called Howard Street, stands the Old Howard, a burlesque house. The Old Howard is the symbol not only of Scollay's wickedness, but also, to many Bostonians, of wickedness in general. They shudder when mentioning the name, yet their ablest smut-hunters, the New England Watch and Ward Society, seem to have found a way of life with the Old Howard over the years. The Boston censorship storms that have descended on most of the serious playwrights and producers of this century blow conveniently away from the densely-populated stage of the Old Howard.

Herman Shumlin never did find a theater for Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour," even after seeking assistance in the Federal courts. Eugene O'Neill had to launch "Strange Interlude" in a Quincy movie house in order to avoid artistic guidance by the Clerk of the Licensing Division, as the city's "censor" is known. (The legal authority behind Boston's censorship is vested in a board consisting of the mayor, the police commissioner, and a member of the city's art commission, but through long custom the clerk serves as reviewer and leg man for these personages.) The legitimate theater still submits to the clerk's editing, and woe to the theater owner should an unruly producer insist on retaining a profane fragment the clerk dislikes. But the Old Howard spins along meanwhile, not breaking unpleasantly into print, its license in good working order, visited by police only when the management wishes to be protected against its own audiences.

The Old Howard was closed by the censors for a time in 1933, but its burlesque has endured for most of the past half century. The theater was opened in 1846, as the Howard Athenaeum, and housed everything from grand opera to stock companies and variety shows. Legend has it that the Gothic windows of the Howard's granite façade were so designed because the place was originally a Millerite Temple for the Adventist cult of one Reverend William Miller, but the Temple was in fact a one-story wooden structure on the same site, made into a theater in 1845 but destroyed by fire three months later. Despite the dingy interior of the present building, so famous and attractive is the Old Howard that other local burlesque houses cannot even compete with it.

All Boston papers but the *Christian Science Monitor* accept the Old Howard's advertising. Although the shows are not "reviewed," properly speaking, there are at least two days a week — and sometimes three — on which they receive a paragraph or two on the entertainment page. The first of these is a blurb on the show to come. This is sent out by the management, and is either printed as sent, or rewritten in fulsome fashion by the paper: "Cheese & Crackers Hagen, that master of wit and wisdom, whose ebullient sallies have won him a fame which extends to the other side of Washington Street . . ." etc. In addition to the advance notice, a couple of days later each paper runs another notice—usually as sent out by the Old Howard —in which the charms of the bill currently playing are set forth anew for the connoisseurs.

Here, then, is a municipal double standard on the grand scale. The Old Boston faction, the Yankees, have long since become a tiny political minority. They cut no figure in civic affairs, which are controlled entirely by what the politicians like to call "the newer races"—that is, Irish and Italian immigrants and their descendants. But the memory of a day when they were indeed the serfs of their Yankee masters still rankles in the newer races, especially the Irish, and no assessment of present-day Boston can ignore the bitter residue in both camps from that period, now that the positions have been reversed.

In no other American city did such large numbers of Irish immigrants settle during the nineteenth century, and in no other did the new arrivals encounter so tightly-knit and hostile a set of neighbors as the Bostonians proved to be. Exploited by their employers, derided for every variation from the cast-iron habit of life which

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Bostonians have always followed, housed in slums, the Irish rapidly fused themselves into a common front against the enemy. Other Irish people continued to follow their friends and relatives across the sea to Boston, while the Yankees set out for new frontiers of their own in the movement west. At some point in the 1880's, the balance wavered and began to shift. By 1910 there was no doubt about which faction would be in charge of Boston from that time on. The censorship issue offers an easy means of exasperating the Yankee and keeping him in his place. The politicians and the non-Yankee enjoy it, and the Yankee simply has to take it.

Boston's theatrical censorship has a certain silent, rubber-tired quality which only rarely attracts public notice. A line or a piece of business must drop out, says the censor, and furthermore no mention is to be made of that fact that it *has* dropped out. In New York tryouts, which make up a good part of Boston's legitimate theater, little is ever heard of these adjustments; no basis of comparison exists, and the playwright and producers realize that to complain may bring more censoring in a hurry.

The sad position of the theater owner is fully understood by all parties: He must remain behind with a city license to keep his doors open, long after the other disputants have moved off with their shows to less censorious cities. "It burns me up," a theater owner once told me, "when the 'liberals' come up from New York in one of these rumpuses and are going to protect me and my rights. They can go back to New York, but my theater happens to be here."

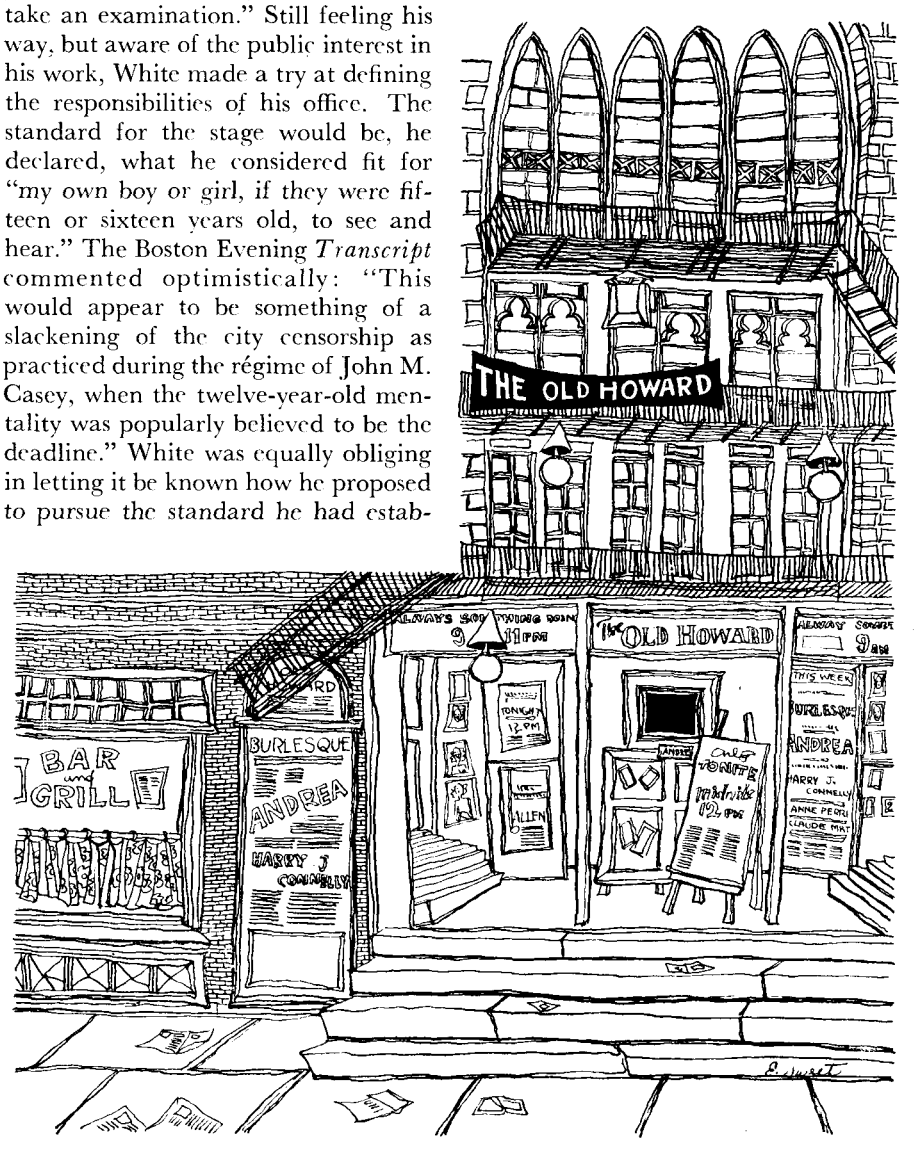
Film censorship in Boston usually follows the national pattern, and any tinkering with that standard is achieved *in camera*. But when even the Boston censor seems on occasion to have drowsed at his post in a borderline case, the Massachusetts Department of Public Safety—which has state-wide control of all Sunday theater licenses—comes to the rescue by prohibiting Sunday showings of a film even though the same film is being shown, legally, on weekdays. *Devil in the Flesh, Panic,* and *Forever Amber* are cases in point.

The Clerk of the Licensing Division lacks civil-service status and serves only such mayors as will put up with him. The most successful in that respect was John M. Casey, who retired on a pension in 1932 after twenty-eight years of service, during which Boston censorship, as the magazine *Equity* put it, "was a unique example of its kind." Casey's retirement festivities were also unique—a vast banquet at the Copley Plaza at which the manager of the Old Howard bestowed on him a purse containing a thousand gold dollars, a gift from the theatrical men of Boston. A three-page telegram from Izzy Herk, head of the Empire Burlesque Association, was offered in evidence, but unfortunately not read.

Casey's successor was Stanton R. White, a twenty-eight-year-old son-in-law of Mayor Curley's brother, who had held a civil-service post as county paymaster until "they said I had to take an examination." Still feeling his way, but aware of the public interest in his work, White made a try at defining the responsibilities of his office. The standard for the stage would be, he declared, what he considered fit for "my own boy or girl, if they were fifteen or sixteen years old, to see and hear." The Boston Evening *Transcript* commented optimistically: "This would appear to be something of a slackening of the city censorship as practiced during the régime of John M. Casey, when the twelve-year-old mentality was popularly believed to be the deadline." White was equally obliging in letting it be known how he proposed to pursue the standard he had established: "I guess I'll just have to sorta use my head."

Many censors have come and gone since the days of the durable Casey—mayoral relatives, faithful campaigners, minor figures all. One doubts that the downfall of the Curley régime will cause any significant changes. There may be a few new faces in the Licensing Division, but the theatrical world will find in operation the same old "system."

The stereotypes underlying the censorship are picturesque. The Yankee is depicted as rich and therefore dishonest—educated and therefore depraved, and seeking to gratify his unnatural tastes through the sinister but otherwise unintelligible productions intended for the New York stage. No censorship could curb sufficiently the base appetites of the Yankee, so the as-



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sumption goes, but the city government must fight the good fight anyhow.

The official concept of the other inhabitants of Boston limns them as hard-working, pious folk, ready for a fight or a frolic after a day of honest toil, broadminded enough to enjoy a bit of burlesque but profoundly hostile to such nastiness as the Yankee affects in his public entertainment.

There was quite a to-do three years ago over purging the choreography of *Frankie and Johnny* when the ballet came to town. The censor forbade three choristers who were rendering the thoroughly purified, phonograph-record version of the ballad to sing the words "Oh Lord how they could love!" and this line was perforce hummed. Again, a routine in which the dancers were toasting Johnny's memory from empty beer mugs, when he was laid out in his coffin, was forbidden. But that was at the Boston Opera House—not at the Old Howard.

Thus does Boston censorship renew the Yankee-immigrant feud. With his own theater held in tight rein, the Old Bostonian is dimly aware of another entertainment standard: a standard by which a hint of a normal relationship between the sexes is accompanied by a leer, while a suggestion of sexual abnormality receives a guffaw. The old Bostonian is perpetually angry about this. He does not attend the Old Howard: He has no knowledge how much censorship it undergoes and escapes, or why; but he does not doubt that it is a dirtier show than any the Theater Guild ever pulled off.

—Charles W. Morton

Illinois

No Hiding Place

At seventy-nine, Old Bill Harvey still makes some of the best rhubarb wine you ever tasted. The rhubarb is grown in his own back yard, diced, and then permitted to ferment into a most delicious brew. To Bill's way of thinking, a man who can plant a good-sized garden, brew—and drink—many gallons of rhubarb wine, take care of his own four-room house, and keep moving like a jitterbug, should never have been retired from the post of fire chief. Bill proudly wears a gold-plated honorary fire chief's badge on his faded vest, and he refuses to concede that his age had anything to do with his retirement. In his view it was "politics."

Bill Harvey is one of the oldest inhabitants of the all-Negro city of Robbins, Illinois. Until last year's election, when the local Republicans were turned out, Bill had served as fire chief under every mayor in the town's history. The job pays only ten dollars a month, and frequently the water runs out in the midst of a fire. There is obviously more heartache than glory involved.

But politics, in Robbins, is a means of self-assertion for people not accustomed to asserting themselves, a compensation for many of the town's physical and spiritual lacks. The mayor, the city clerk, and the volunteer policeman also get only a token salary of ten dollars a month, but these jobs also are sought after with a vigor, even a fury, that is totally incommensurate with the reward.

In April, 1949, sixty-six-year-old Democratic Mayor John S. Richardson garnered Robbins's female vote by running a lady for city clerk for the first time in the community's history, and romped off with the election. For old Bill Harvey, who had his chips on the G.O.P., this meant eclipse. For him, being ditched in the very year when the ladies' auxiliaries were raising nine

thousand dollars to buy a new fire engine was a disappointing, even painful, experience.

Like the heightened passion for politics, everything in Robbins is slightly accentuated. Historically, the place is a cross between an old Hooverville and a frontier post in Alaska. Socially and physically, it is an eccentric appendage to the teeming Negro ghetto on Chicago's South Side. Tens of thousands of Negroes from all over the country have been drawn to Chicago in recent years, and the recurring housing shortages and high rents have created a counter-motion, a small exodus of a few thousand who have taken refuge in the swampy farmland of Robbins, eighteen miles from downtown Chicago.

Today, in an area one and a half miles square, four white families and fifty-five hundred Negroes live. By 1952 the population of Robbins may jump to ten thousand. But the boom is as bizarre from an economic and social viewpoint as the city itself.

Robbins has no heart. It has no municipal square or shopping center. Most of its unprepossessing stores occupy lower floors of its dilapidated homes. The city hall is an old reconverted stone schoolhouse with only three rooms—a six-by-

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eight office shared by the mayor and his city clerk; a courtroom, which serves also as selective-service office and general waiting room; and a room with two cells, for the jail and the headquarters of the chief of police.

Robbins has no sidewalks, no street lights, no factories (in fact no industry whatsoever), no gas pipes, no hospitals, and no sanitary sewers. One section has storm sewers, but the rest of the city is drained only by the ditches that line each roadway. Except for four roads paved by the county, the streets are all poorly graded dirt. Wooden planks—sometimes culverts—lead across the ditches to the houses. Everywhere are dozens of surface-water ponds. Each year they change in shape, location, and size. Sometimes they flood the houses. These ponds, more than any other geographical feature, explain why Robbins is now an all-Negro community.

When Bill Harvey, the former fire chief, first came to town in 1908, it was recovering from ruthless exploitation by ambitious real-estate operators. Around the turn of the century they had bought up patches of the local farmland, subdivided them, and sold lots to white Chicagoans for three to five hundred dollars apiece. The town might have become another Hammond, Harvey, Evanston, or Oak Park, but for two unfortunate circumstances. First, the land was low and swampy. Second, the gentlemen who dabbled in real estate were operating on a get-rich-quick basis. Instead of draining the land and installing sewers, they sold and ran. The undrained water therefore backed up to form innumerable ponds that were not only health hazards but undermined buildings as well. In a few years almost all of the white settlers defaulted on their taxes and pulled up stakes.

The village seemed destined for oblivion when another real-estate firm, owned by Henry and Eugene Robbins (after whom the town was named in 1917), conceived a simple plan. If whites wouldn't have the place, why not sell to Negroes?

That's how Bill Harvey came to Robbins. Originally from Kentucky, Bill migrated to Chicago in 1882, worked as a water boy in the Palmer House, played professional baseball, and then in 1908 moved to the village because "every year the landlord slipped another dollar on the rent." For seven hundred dollars he purchased two lots and a four-room house. The facilities were primitive, with an outside well and outside privy, but at least they were all his own.

As the Negroes moved in, the whites moved out. By 1940 only twelve white families remained; today there are four. One of these, a farmer who lives on the edge of town, is a recluse. An old carpenter still plies his trade among Negro clients. The two merchants, like merchants everywhere, accommodate themselves easily. One of the merchants, whose family settled here in the 1870's, says of his customers, "They're good people for the most part, and they've got to live somewhere."

The Negroes kept coming, particularly in the 1940's, when the town grew from 1,320 to 5,500. But their dream of a comfortable hiding place from Jim Crow has never materialized.

Back in Bill Harvey's day the town was called Sunset Village because neighboring towns like Blue Island insisted that all Negroes leave their boundaries before sunset. The lash of Jim Crow still stung Robbins's inhabitants because of the fears and prejudices of nearby residents.

Drainage and water remained problems for the Negroes just as they had for the white settlers. Today two-thirds of the families in Robbins own their homes, but this is no sign of prosperity. Ninety per cent of the 1,266 dwellings are substandard by 1950 Census Bureau definition. Fifty-five per cent are considered unfit for habitation. Three out of five have neither bath, shower, nor any other washing facility. Two out of three have no flush toilets. The other third has trouble with septic tanks because the ground is so saturated with water. One-fifth have neither running water nor outside wells. The one-third of the householders who are fortunate enough to have piped-in water usually get their water in dribbles or not at all. The two-to-six-inch water pipe from Blue Island serves a number of other towns besides Robbins, and frequently the water is diverted elsewhere.

Under such circumstances land should have continued to be cheap. But it hasn't, for the supply of even submarginal land for colored people is limited. Prices are therefore bid up out of proportion to the land's value. Real-estate firms feel no compulsion to install sewers, sidewalks, or street lights; the land will bring high prices anyway. A twenty-five-to-thirty-five-foot lot in Robbins, without a single improvement, brings $550 to $1,200. In another Chicago suburb, Desplaines, a sixty-foot lot with all improvements (valued by a Housing Authority expert as equal to $900 or $1,000) costs only $1,600.

Robbins, then, is no model community. Almost all its working citizens are factory hands in Chicago and its suburbs, and few make as much as three thousand dollars a year. The standard of living is below that of even the Chicago Negro. But for most of Robbins's people living conditions have always been unattractive. For a small number the all-Negro city provides an opportunity to play big fish in a little pond.

Mayor Richardson was a Chicago janitor from 1910 to 1920. Living in Robbins opened a political career for him. He has held some state and Federal jobs, and with his savings has bought property in Robbins and in Evanston. The town's building inspector, Raymond Shackleford, owns about ten acres of land in Robbins, and by its standards is well-to-do. Also, his job carries considerable prestige. Another Robbins inhabitant is a cosmetic manufacturer who employs several

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thousand men in various parts of the country. His home is a beautiful white building, and its pond has been utilized for hundreds of waterfowl.

The people themselves are spirited, and on Saturday nights often somewhat more than that. The town has fifteen or twenty saloons and six churches. Around these is built a simple but effective social life. One of the saloons displays a sign reading "We reserve the right to seat our patrons." In most places such signs are shady covers for Jim Crow, but this one is used as a pretext to differentiate not between white and black, but between drunk and sober. The former are expected to sit in isolated corners where they can do little damage.

Mayor Richardson, like his people, is neither downcast nor beaten. There is, in fact, a certain buoyancy about their optimism. The total valuation of property in Robbins is approximately two million dollars. The Cook County Housing Authority has worked out plans for sanitary sewers, storm sewers, and water mains that should cost one and a half million. Robbins obviously can't raise that kind of money. Even if it could get a loan, it would mean that each citizen would pay about $144 a year for water, while citizens of other communities pay approximately twenty. Without water and sewers, however, Robbins can't hope to attract factories or get Federal Housing Authority loans for building projects.

One bright spot on the horizon is a county project to build a mile of highway and two underpasses by 1952. This million-dollar venture will include storm sewers that will drain not only the highway but Robbins as well. The Housing Authority contemplates building three hundred homes, providing it can get Federal grants and can solve the drainage problem. These, however, are still plans, and meanwhile money is needed for a hundred and one immediate projects.

To an outsider Mayor Richardson's domain looks small and dreary, but to the mayor and his constituency the place is certainly no worse than Chicago's slums. What it lacks physically and materially, it makes up by giving each citizen an abundant feeling of belonging, of being a recognized somebody with recognized rights.

—Sid Lens

Germany

The Socialists Bog Down

When the new west-German *Bundestag* convened in the fall of 1949, most observers thought that Kurt Schumacher's Social Democratic Party would provide an exceptionally useful service. With 131 of the 402 parliamentary representatives, the Social Democrats were expected to build a strong and forceful opposition to the heterogeneous coalition of middle-class and rightist elements which formed Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Government. This Government seemed bound to be unpopular in the long run, and it was hoped that the opposition, led by Schumacher, would be able to represent almost all of the country's politically dissatisfied elements, thus bringing Germany gradually toward a two-party system.

"A failure of the opposition will have catastrophic results," Schumacher said recently. Catastrophe is by no means in sight, but there are strong indications that the entire concept of parliamentary opposition in Germany is beginning to fail precisely because Dr. Schumacher's S.P.D. is failing. His party's policies to date have impeded rather than furthered the functioning of parliamentary democracy in Bonn. The non-Communist Left has failed to mobilize the forces which, as Schumacher puts it, "desire a really radical parliamentary democracy," and the S.P.D. is showing dangerous signs of inner weakness, if not of crisis. It is known to have lost a large number of members during recent months. There is no early election in sight that would give an exact index of the party's decline, but it appears obvious that dissatisfaction with Schumacher's leadership is spreading.

German socialists, and those who wished them well, assumed that in the role of opposition the S.P.D. would find new ideas and new initiative. The S.P.D. went into the first west-German elections last August with some well-worn slogans, an almost spotless record of anti-Nazism, and a determined rejection of Communism. There can be no doubt that Schumacher's party has made a decisive contribution towards halting the tide of Bolshevism in Berlin, where it is the majority party in the western sectors, and in central Europe as a whole. But it has also become clear that beyond a hodgepodge of mystic and monotonous phrases, watered down by expedient compromises with postwar reality, the S.P.D. has no program. A committee is now working on one, but is expected to require three or four years to produce it. Furthermore, the party has no strong appeal either to youth or to the millions of German refugees.

One reason for the S.P.D.'s lack of assertiveness is to be found in the west-German parliamentary system. It has been said that Konrad Adenauer, as chairman of the Parliamentary Council, cunningly tailored the Basic Law, as the Germans call their constitution, to fit the needs and purposes of Konrad Adenauer, the Chancellor. Adenauer had to make the Basic Law acceptable to the Allies, but he was even more concerned with making it acceptable to himself and his party. Therefore Schumacher's party has been finding out that no parliamentary opposition can be very effective if the powers of parliament are limited and questionable. Like Bismarck's, Adenauer's constitution is a "Chancellor constitution" in which even Cabinet members are hardly more important than under-secretaries. The Chancellor is the kingpin of the government, and, with the aid of the senate, or *Bundesrat*, dominates the scene almost completely. The majority of the state, or *Laender*, Cabinets which make up the *Bundesrat* are controlled by Adenauer's Christian Democratic party. Schumacher's lengthy parliamentary harangues have

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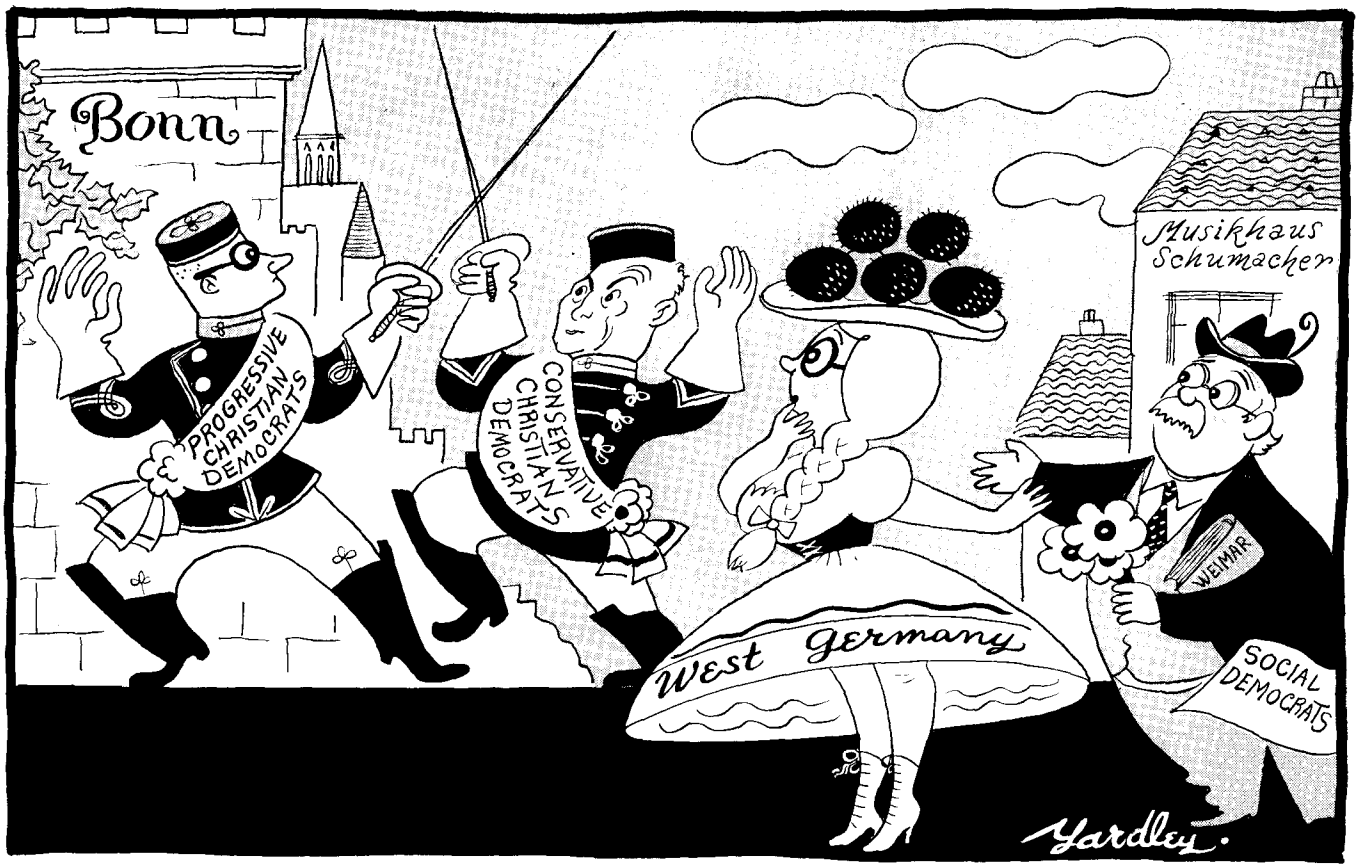

little or no influence on Adenauer, the *Bundesrat,* or the course of government.

Nonetheless, Kurt Schumacher obviously enjoys himself as the ranting leader of the opposition. He is, somewhat inconsistently, paying back Bonn for what the Social Democrats had to suffer in Weimar. Although the party never regained the power it wielded from 1918 to 1920, it was generally held responsible for all the subsequent political, social, and economic troubles of the republic.

These days Schumacher and his friends rationalize their fiercely nationalistic behavior by explaining that they must match the nationalist propaganda of the Communists. It seems quite evident, however, that Schumacher is not impressing any of the more fervent nationalist elements in Germany. To them, Social Democracy remains either a degenerate internationalist perversion or an insidious brand of atheism. Nor can Schumacher, or any other socialist, hope to be successful in courting either the clergy or the former army officers, not to mention ex-Nazis. Coy overtures toward these groups have had no effect, even when S.P.D. headquarters in Hannover conspicuously avoided supporting the Nürnberg trials, and more recently, when it began keeping rather quiet about de-Nazification.

Schumacher's angry attacks against the west-German policy of co-operation with the western Allies, his stubborn stands against the Ruhr Statute, and against economic integration of the Saar with France, have not only availed him nothing, but have actually lost him favor with the mass of the German people. One observer wrote recently in *Die Neue Zeitung:* "The people are no longer as politically ignorant as the party leaders often believe. It has been recognized by more than a few that international co-operation and common cause with the victors of yesterday are absolute necessities . . . It was an error to assume that the majority of the Germans have really not learned anything from the events of the past."

Adenauer, rather than Schumacher, has so far emerged as the victor in the name-calling duels. The Chancellor's greatest triumph came at 6 A. M. on last November 25, in the midst of the dramatic *Bundestag* debate over the Petersberg Agreement, by which the government accepted the Ruhr Statute in return for concessions on dismantling. The violent protest of Schumacher and his party had kept the legislature in session all night. At 6 A.M. Adenauer arose to read a press dispatch reporting that the newly formed West German Trade Union Congress fully supported the government. For years the socialist trade unions and the Socialist Party had been practically synonymous. A large number of union functionaries are also S.P.D. leaders, and, until this shocking defeat, the party had traditionally always been able to count on the full support of organized labor.

The German Trade Union Congress, or *Deutsche Gewerkschaftsbund,* represents a trend towards a strong labor movement free of political and ideological ties. The leader of the new federation, Hans Boeckler, has been increasingly cool toward the S.P.D. The rank and file of labor, interested in bread and butter, have gotten much more encouragement from left-wing Christian Democrats than they have

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from the S.P.D., particularly in the Ruhr. The Catholic labor program, which was promulgated in Bochum in September, 1949, has been having a wide appeal. Today the most important ideological conflict in western Germany is beginning to be the feud within the Christian Democratic Party—between the progressives under Karl Arnold, President of the *Bundesrat* and Minister President of North Rhine-Westphalia, and the conservatives who make up Adenauer's entourage.

Schumacher is undoubtedly the most determined and hated foe of Communism in Germany, but he has failed to contribute toward developing any constructive ideological counterforce. One reason for this serious failure is his apparent inability to evaluate what has happened in Russia in the course of the last thirty years. Also, he has not recognized that the only alternative to a Soviet Germany is a European Germany. He is holding out for a *socialist* confederation of Europe, and thereby deterring *any* union of Europe. In a recent confidential letter advising S.P.D. leaders against prominent participation in "bourgeois" European movements, he made it clear that he is not particularly interested in an integrated Europe unless it is based on his brand of socialism. When the trade unions, despite Schumacher's opposition, accepted the Ruhr Authority, they made it clear that the spirit of realistic international co-operation is not confined to German rightists.

Most German Social Democrats themselves attribute the disastrous sterility of their party to "that man in Hannover." Schumacher, who lost his right arm in the First World War and his left leg as a result of serious illness in 1948, rules the party with all the pettifogging autocracy of the man who believes he must attend to everything himself. He makes a fetish of party discipline, and is dogmatic rather than dynamic in his political approach. "I have no inner relation to people but only to ideas," he once said quietly, and almost absentmindedly, in a personal conversation. In his well-guarded headquarters in Hannover or on the speaker's rostrum in the *Bundestag* he has little chance to put his ideas to the test of reality. He moves only on that mysterious sphere of applied *Weltanschauung* which most Germans call politics. S.P.D. policy is made by the executive committee only. There was no national party congress in 1949, as there had been in previous years since 1945, despite the fact that the party constitution calls for one annually. Surrounded only by his disciples, he has lost touch with the men and women he represents.

It would, however, be completely false to label Schumacher, once called "Germany's toughest democrat," a dictator. The trouble with his rule is simply that no one in his party can successfully challenge it. The humanitarians who brought democratic socialism into the German government in 1918 are old and gradually becoming extinct. A man like Wilhelm Kaisen, who recently challenged Schumacher's policy, would rather submit to "full agreement" than risk being expelled from a party which he has served all his life and which to him, as to so many others, has become a faith. It is this quality in German democratic movements which makes them decadent. The fraternity of old faithfuls will not permit young intellectuals to rise from the ranks unless they have spent years on the ward level distributing handbills and drinking beer with the comrades. The rigidly dogmatic functionaries will not tolerate any tampering with their creed.

A recent memorial service for Carlo Mierendorff, a young socialist who bitterly fought Hitler, and was killed in 1943, showed how foolishly dogmatic the S.P.D. can be. Mierendorff and his

fellow members of the famous "Kreisau Circle" of Count Hellmuth von Moltke had given much thought to reviving the socialist movement. A large number of young Germans—both inside the S.P.D. and out—consider him a true martyr of the anti-Nazi resistance.

Nevertheless, Gerhart Luetkens, an S.P.D. parliamentarian and a close adviser of Schumacher, in his memorial speech attacked Mierendorff as "a petty party politician" and denounced his revisionist ideas as "stupid party tactics." They did not conform, it seems, to the line laid down in Hannover. The irony of this display of tactlessness was that Mierendorff had remained in Germany to fight Hitler, and had spent years in concentration camps, while Luetkens had lived abroad during the Nazi period, first as one of Ribbentrop's diplomats, and later as an exile in London. It is no wonder that young German intellectuals complain that, while they are attracted to the idea of a democratic opposition based on the non-Communist Left, this type of doctrinaire narrowness makes it impossible for them to identify themselves with the S.P.D.

There is little evidence that the S.P.D. can regenerate itself sufficiently to become ready to take on the responsibilities of government. To do so it must find a militant appeal which combines its traditional ethical standards with tangible solutions for the problems of disillusioned German youth. It must also come up with a positive program for the ten million refugees from former German territories. It must pursue a concrete policy of European solidarity and not a socialist chimera of internationalism. It must, in short, find new means to realize some of its traditional ideals. To do this it needs young blood, but the old guard, which has forgotten nothing and learned little, is firmly entrenched.

The integrity, tolerance, and firm faith in democracy of most of these machine functionaries are proof of the enduring qualities of the German Social Democratic Party of the past. Many of these men are bound to each other and to their party by their common experiences in Hitler's prisons and concentration camps. But *esprit de corps* and fine traditions alone are no safeguards for the future.

—Peter Drake

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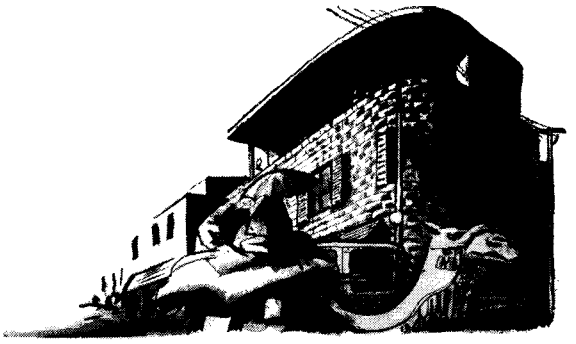
Jerusalem

Old City and New



Over Jerusalem these mornings the late-winter sun rises swiftly toward a cloudless sky, illuminating the massive walls of the Old City, lighting up the Mount of Olives, and bringing to life the Valleys of Kidron and Hinnom. At the end of day, it sets softly behind the western hills of Judea in a frosty haze. The people of Jerusalem—the Jews in the sprawling New City and the Arabs huddled behind the high walls of the Old—wait and wonder what new drama will be set on this stage during the Christian year 1950.

Today, Jerusalem is a bisected, partitioned city, ruptured by an uneven battle line, severed by politics, prestige, and symbolism, divided against itself.

On one side, held by the Arab Legion of Jordan, is the irregular quadrilateral-walled Old City, a bit of the New, and the Mount of Olives. On the other, guarded by Israeli soldiers, is nearly all of the New City, which extends along a broad ridge to the north and northwest of the wall, and Mount Zion. Within the Arab-held area, a small Jewish police force watches over the demilitarized enclave on Mount Scopus, where the Hadassah Medical Center and Hebrew University now sit in empty splendor.

Inside the walls is the Old City, the Jerusalem of tradition, its area only 250 acres (nearly one-third that of Central Park). Here are almost all of the Holy Places.

A maze of dark, narrow lanes, some of them completely covered over and frequently consisting only of a series of shallow stone steps, intersect the Old City. They are flanked by tiny stands, shops, and bazaars.

Lost in this tangle of streets is the holiest of Christian Holy Places, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an unfortunate piece of architecture, unbefitting the site it presumably venerates. The magnificent octagonal Mosque of Omar, more properly called the Dome of the Rock, is in a considerably more harmonious setting in the southeast corner of the Old City.

Physically, the Old City is pretty much as it was, but its former color and noise are gone. The odd-toned bells in the Orthodox churches still argue with the more-solemn notes of the bells in the Catholic edifices, and once in a while the traditional call to prayer from the minarets can be heard. But the raucous screams of the peddlers and shopkeepers no longer echo up and down the mean little streets. There are no gullible tourists and curio-seekers jostling through the lanes. The shops are open and well stocked, but their owners sit in the doorways, drinking coffee and smoking.

The Old City is still divided into four distinct sections, the Moslem quarter, the Christian quarter, the Armenian quarter, and the Jewish quarter—although the latter is marked only by rubble. The New City, where the community distinctions were also quite well delineated before the hostilities, with the Jews grouped principally to the west, the Christians to the southwest, and the Moslems to the north and east, is now almost wholly a Jewish city. It is as western as the Old City is eastern, but it is not at variance with its setting. Thanks to the foresight and perseverance of the British authorities, the modern town has developed, largely, in a manner consistent with the topography, the landscape, and the architectural traditions of the past.

On the broad downtown streets of the New City there is a tempered bustle. The shops are less well stocked and the prices are considerably higher than in the Old City. There is commerce, trade, and some industry.

The wartime displacement of the environmentally inverted Oriental Jewish communities, and the influx of new immigrants, which have given color and animation to the New City, have not disturbed its aristocratic bearing. On the street the gradual metamorphosis of the city is easily discernible. In place of the bored pleasure-seekers and contented bureaucrats of prewar days, there are now gay, buoyant, and determined faces from all over the world. Here religious types with their traditional side curls, and Hasidim with round, fur-trimmed hats and long, sleek coats mingle with well-dressed merchants from Bucharest and Budapest. The dark Tunisians and the darker Yemenites stand out among the many blond people from the Baltic countries. Women from the Balkans with long earrings hanging from their pierced ears and women from Morocco with Arab shawls covering their heads smile at each other.

Jerusalem has been described as Israel's past, Tel Aviv as its present, and Haifa as its future. For the Jews living in Jerusalem now, the newcomers and the old-timers, Jerusalem is still the future—their only future.

Isolated, high on a hill, and surrounded by other gracefully rounded hills, the Holy City, Old and New, today has a provincial atmosphere, a spiritual calm, that belies the turbulence of its immediate and its further past. There is nothing in its pious and almost pastoral appearance to betray its division.

Life is normal in the Old and in

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the New Cities. The heaps of debris have been cleared and tidied; the road blocks and pillboxes have been torn down; the barbed wire is gone from the streets. But, on the dividing line itself, there is no attempt to repair the destruction. Here Arab and Israeli soldiers face each other across a No-Man's Land the width of a street, an alley, or a back yard, and here one senses the undercurrent of anxiety.

It was here, on the narrow side streets near the Old City walls, that the Palestine War really started over two years ago, and the little shops that were then ravaged and burned are still broken and empty. Charred walls, standing in their own rubble, are a reminder of the beginning of an ugly period of fear, hunger, and death.

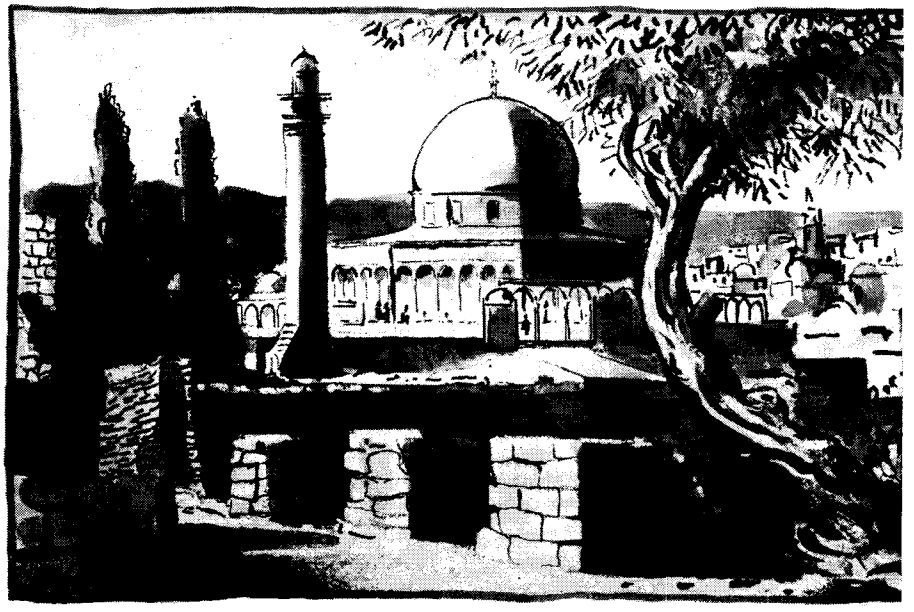
These bitter memories—and some sweet ones of the days when Jerusalem was a thriving, cosmopolitan town with a distinctive flavor—are being revived now. The United Nations has once again decided to internationalize the Holy City. Behind the walls there is unrest, and outside the walls there is uncertainty. The first United Nations decision to internationalize Jerusalem brought in its wake the present division of the city.

When that first decision was made, on November 29, 1947, there was rejoicing. The Jews welcomed it, as did a few courageous Arabs, both Moslem and Christian. But in a few days Arab mobs started their attacks on the Jews, and these unorganized attacks were followed by the organized assaults of the Trans-Jordanian and Egyptian Armies. Although the New City was surrounded and cut off, threatened with starvation, deprived of water, and shelled blindly, the Jews held on. Today, when the proposal for internationalizing the city is repeated, the Jews do not feel any moral or logical impulse to respect it.

King Abdullah of Jordan, a paternalistic, small-time, British-made monarch, who deeply deplores his inferior status among the Arab kings of the Middle East, clings tenaciously to the Old City as a symbol and proof of his power. He would rather come to terms with the Israelis than give up his only tangible claim to glory.

The government of Israel has declared that the New City is an integral part of the state of Israel. King Abdullah has announced that he will not cede one yard of Arab sovereignty. Generally, the people of Jerusalem, Arabs and Jews, would prefer to remain under the governments which govern them at this moment. Yet the Trusteeship Council has been presented with an imperative mandate by the General Assembly to create an international zone of the Holy City and the surrounding area.

The internationalization of Jerusalem has been posed as a religious problem, but from here it seems to be, at least partially, a political issue. The security of, and access to, the Holy Places has been the predominant theme of the United Nations debates on Jerusalem. There are other considerations which were not brought out in the debates.



Ever since 1757, when the Eastern Orthodox Church definitely secured *praedominium* (the paramount position) in the Holy Places "at the expense of the Latins," the Catholic Church has been making consistent efforts to improve the position of the Latin interest. Control of the Holy Places has not been a matter of dispute between Moslems and Jews, or Moslems and Christians, or Jews and Christians. It has been a serious controversy between Christian sects, and was among the causes of the Crimean War.

Another factor, rarely mentioned, is that the Orthodox Churches, Greek and Russian, are by far the largest landowners in Jerusalem—and this means owners of real estate, not of Holy Places or other shrines.

The Greek Patriarchate of Jerusalem has jealously guarded its hold on the Holy Places, as an "agent or mandatory of the whole Greek race." The Patriarchate has been as eminently successful in this task as it has been in warding off the bitter attacks of the local Orthodox laity and parochial clergy, which is almost exclusively Arabic-speaking. In so doing, it has preserved the exclusively-Greek character of the Confraternity of the Holy Sepulchre.

Now, faced by a coalition of western powers, which might, under an internationalization plan, seek to divide or alter its rights and privileges, the Greek Patriarchate may well align with the Russian church (and the Soviet Union's political representatives on any international régime) to preserve its historic claims to the shrines.

Obviously, the Soviet Union is not too concerned about serving as a religious champion. It will not, of course, turn down a welcome opportunity to participate in an international régime in the Middle East. Its support of the internationalization proposal, like its support of the Palestine partition plan two years earlier, was predicated on a desire to minimize and eventually eradicate British influence.

For the Jews of Jerusalem, the United Nations decision to internationalize the city was a blessing in disguise. It caused

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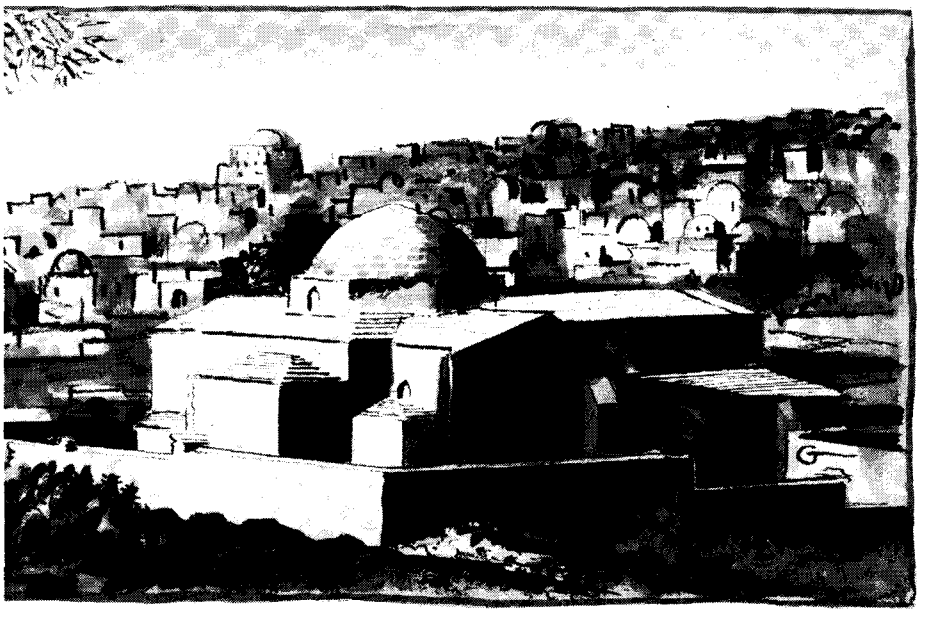
the government of Israel to move its capital to the New City. The New City was not growing at the same pace as the rest of the young Jewish state, and its people could not be sustained only on pride and memories. It was something of a dead-end, the terminus of a narrow corridor that stretches from the sea and is bounded on three sides by Arabs. Now the weakened pulse of the city has been speeded up. Fourteen ministries are already set up and functioning. Parliament has been transferred from Tel Aviv. The Cabinet meets in the New City.

Opposition among Jews to the Israel government's hectic plans to solidify its hold on Jerusalem comes from the tiny Communist Party and an extreme religious group known as *Neturei Karta*—the Guardians of the City. The Communists were originally united with the rest of Israel's political parties on the indivisibility of Jerusalem from Israel. But, after the Soviet Union came out for internationalization, the party recanted, publicly described its former stand as an "opportunistic mistake," and declared its support of the United Nations proposal. The Guardians of the City are a small group of religious zealots who have managed to attract considerable attention to themselves by their opposition to Zionism and their relentless (and sometimes ruthless) attempts to force all Jews to live in strict accordance with Biblical law. Opposed to the concept of a Jewish state, which they believe should come into existence only after, or concurrently with, the arrival of the Messiah, they have welcomed the decision of the United Nations to internationalize Jerusalem. The combined strength of these peculiar bedmates is small, and even when the number of Jewish merchants, hotel men, and shopkeepers who also favor internationalization is added, they do not form a sizable bloc.



On the Arab side, the story is slightly different. A goodly number of Palestinian Arabs favor internationalization. Many of them believe it would mean a restoration of properties which they abandoned during the trouble. Others resent the manner in which they have been treated by King Abdullah's civil and military authorities, and some of those who have shops in the Old City are hopeful that internationalization will mean a renewal of the lucrative tourist traffic. In addition, there is a handful of supporters of the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, who see in internationalization a beachhead for new attacks on the Jews.

By and large, however, the Arab population of Jerusalem is confused and apathetic. Their fear of Jewish strength inclines the Arabs toward preferring the protection of the Arab Legion rather than that of a nebulous United Nations force.

Whatever his willing and unwilling subjects may think or desire, King Abdullah is determined to hold the Old City. Negotiations are now going on between him and the Israel government for a formal peace agreement. The Israelis want one so that they may present a united front against any attempt to implement the internationalization plan, and also because, in this manner, the onus for defiance of the United Nations will not fall solely on them. The Hashemite-Jordan monarch is resentful of the Arab states' support of the internationalization plan, and he fears that they may next support a proposal to deprive him of the Arab parts of Palestine which his forces now hold. A peace agreement with Israel would mean recognition of the present boundaries and imply Israel's acceptance of King Abdullah's sovereignty over Arab Palestine.

Against this background, the workability of internationalization seems doubtful. Its maintenance would depend on force and on forces which the United Nations does not possess. On the Jewish side there would be an effective policy of non-co-operation and passive resistance. From the Arabs there would be limited co-operation, resistance, intrigue, and violence. An alien police force or military régime would encourage a revival of the horrible terrorism of the past.

It is a tragedy that Jerusalem's future must always be measured in the absolutes of the past. There was a time when the city might have been internationalized, and another time when an international board could have been set up to look after the interests and institutions sacred to the three monotheistic faiths, without ignoring the fact that Jerusalem is a city of people, as well as a geographical and emotional expression.

At present, the people of Jerusalem must go on living uneasy lives, artificially divided and artificially aroused against each other. The Old City and the New City may go on functioning as two separate cities, but they can live only as one city. This untenable situation will not be solved by adding votes to votes, or commissions to commissions, nor yet by peaceful means. All concerned have shamelessly exploited the emotions associated with the Holy City, which has been defiled in every principle and motive for which it stands. —CONSTANTINE POULOS

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A Ride on the Orient Express

When my husband and I boarded the Orient Express in Trieste, we had a second-class compartment to ourselves, but soon after we crossed the border into Yugoslavia, seven other passengers came in. For a while we sat in silence, while the train, once one of Europe's finest, lurched and creaked through the mountains of Slovenia. It was a few hours after midnight.

My husband took down our thermos bottle and we took turns drinking out of the aluminum top. Across from us, a lieutenant, wearing the blue band of the Yugoslav Security Forces on his cap, nudged his neighbor: "Ask them what they are drinking."

The neighbor, a middle-aged business man in a well-cut suit, said in German: "If you please, what is the liquid you are drinking?"

"Tea," I said.

The young lieutenant snorted. "Ah, Russians!" he said.

A white-haired woman in the opposite corner interposed patiently: "Tea is consumed in many countries—in India, China, Malaya, England, even in the United States. These people are Americans."

The lieutenant said "Oh!" and the rest of our fellow passengers looked at us with what seemed to be approval, and began to talk.

The white-haired woman wore a well-tailored dark suit and blouse. She was a physician on her way home to Belgrade after an inspection tour of schools, orphanages, and clinics throughout Yugoslavia. She spoke warmly of the inestimable help of UNICEF (United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) in supplying powdered milk and other food to these institutions.

A large blond Slovene farmer, a Serb steelworker, a statuesque Croatian woman who was nursing a baby, a quiet moon-faced man—these were the other occupants of the compartment. We knew a great deal about each other after a few hours' conversation in German and French—largely the former, which everyone except the lieutenant understood. Whenever anything was said in Croatian, the doctor translated for us.

When dawn broke, we were passing through heavily wooded country, and we remarked on the tremendous amount of lumbering being done. Great piles of pine and spruce were stacked along the sides of the roadbed. The young farmer sighed, "Our forests are being despoiled; no reforestation is taking place."

And the businessman added slyly: "Yes, you know whatever happens we are going to complete our Five-Year Plan—even if it puts us back a hundred years to do it."

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This remark set the Serb off on a long, loud diatribe against the government. He carried a bottle of plum brandy, and, from time to time, after offering it to each of us and being politely refused, took a long swig. He was, he informed us, an old Chetnik, a follower of Mihailovich. At the mention of these two words, the other passengers blanched and looked nervously at the lieutenant, but the Serb was not to be intimidated. He showed us a photograph of himself carrying a rifle and a beltful of hand grenades, and wearing a beard. "Those were the days," he reminisced happily.

As he spoke about "the fat, grafting, lazy bureaucrats who were milking the country dry," he glared belligerently at the moon-faced man across from him. "I am a metalworker," he went on. "Our country is rich in metals —we have twenty-two of the twenty-five strategic metals. Before the war, it was the French and British who owned the mines and exploited us. Then the Germans during the occupation. And now—the bureaucrats."

The moon-faced man wore a large red Communist emblem in his lapel. As the Serb warmed up, he began to squirm in his seat, and the other passengers became more and more absorbed in watching the scenery.

Finally, the Serb, who was about six feet four, stood up to go to the dining car, after urging us all to accompany him. We all declined, with regrets. He leaned back into the compartment, smiling genially. "Never mind," he reassured us, "I'll bring back some beer for all of you."

"Those Serbs!" the Slovene farmer exclaimed. "They just aren't civilized. They're good fighters, but they're no good for anything except war. They shouldn't be allowed in towns; they just get drunk and pick fights."

"I am a Serb," the woman physician announced, "and I believe that I am civilized, but—" she smiled at the young farmer—"I know what you mean. If we could only learn to live as well as we have learned how to die!"

Her French was flawless. She had studied medicine in Vienna, then specialized in pediatrics in Paris. During her student days, she had come to know and like many Austrians. "I always thought they were different from the Germans—more easygoing and not so fanatical. But when Austrian troops occupied Belgrade, I found out. They were just as bad as the Germans."

That set everyone reminiscing about the occupation. Calmly, they swapped stories about the incredibly sadistic activities of the Nazified Ustasi, the quisling forces that fought under the command of Ante Pavelich, an expert in depopulation.

Later in Belgrade we were to hear the same bitterness about the postwar "cleanups" by Tito's partisans, when they purged not only the Ustasi and the Chetniks, but any adult Serb who could conceivably have been capable of favoring Mihailovich. In the course of this purge, many technicians, engineers, teachers, and professional people were eliminated.

"Are you here on business?" the businessman asked my husband.

"Yes," my husband replied, determined to avoid the admission that he was a newspaperman.

"Machinery?" the businessman inquired. My husband nodded assent.

"Big machines or little machines?"

"Oh, big ones, very big ones," my husband said. Everyone looked pleased.

"Good!" said the businessman. "Just give us the machines, plenty of them, and we'll beat the Russians."

The Serb came back, with an armful of beer bottles. There was something in the way he handed them out that made refusal seem unwise. Even the lieutenant and the moon-faced man accepted.

Once again in his seat, the Serb embarked on a monologue, devoted to scathing criticism of the members of the government, of their ineptness at industrial organization, of bureaucratic waste, bottlenecks, and duplication. He did not mention Marshal Tito, but he went right down through the Cabinet, analyzing all the rest of the members, detailing their sexual as well as their political aberrations.

No one agreed with him, but no one disputed him, either. He presently produced another bottle of plum brandy, and began using the beer as a chaser.

By this time, the corridors of the train were solidly packed with people seated on their luggage. It was virtually impossible to leave the compartment to reach the toilet at the end of the car, or the dining car at the end of the train. The crescendo of blazing heat finally passed into the long summer twilight. We had been on the Orient Express about sixteen jolting, uncomfortable hours.

The young woman, looking like a Madonna by the Yugoslav sculptor Ivan Mestrovich, calmly nursed her baby. She explained she was bringing the infant to Belgrade to visit his father, an army officer, who had never seen him. We admired the infant, who, like his mother, was of noble proportions. Then everyone took out snapshots of their children, grandchildren, or, as in the case of the lieutenant, nieces and nephews.

This brought up the question of relatives in America. Everyone in the compartment except the lieutenant had an aunt, an uncle, or a cousin in the States. The young farmer proudly showed us his undershirt, which his aunt in Gary, Indiana, had sent him. The others spoke of clothing and food parcels they had received from Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Detroit. They said, "If it hadn't been for UNRRA, CARE packages, and parcels from our families, we'd never have pulled through." Years of assiduous government propaganda against western imperialism had apparently not diminished the Yugoslavs' gratitude toward us.

What seemed to bother our fellow passengers was the U. S. government's apparent assumption that because Tito was no longer a friend of the Soviet Union he was now a friend of America. They discussed the forthcoming loans from the United States and the U. S. credits for building steel mills in Yugoslavia with an air of perplexity. Why didn't we ask for some *quid pro quo* such as a softening of the tyranny, a more representative government, or some civil rights, while we were about it? These things seemed to be important to America in western Europe. Didn't the U. S. government care about them in the Balkans?

The long twilight turned to dusk. The single light in the ceiling flickered and went out, and we sat in total dark-

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ness. The conversation died down, and everyone dozed, the Serb snoring loudly. Suddenly, I was awakened by the glare of a flashlight. It was the police again, asking for our papers for the fourth and last time before we arrived in Belgrade.

Drowsily, each of us managed to produce the necessary documents. Each of us, that is, except the Serb, who was in a deep, drunken stupor. One of the police agents shook him, first gently, then roughly. The Serb pushed him away automatically.

The other occupants of the compartment now co-operated in awakening him. "Come on, wake up!" they urged. "They want to see your papers!" We all knew he had them, because he'd shown them to us and to the police agents who had gone through the train previously.

At last he shook himself. "Goddamned police, always bothering a person," he muttered, pulling the pocket of his coat inside out. "A lot of vultures, spending their lives preying on others, too lazy to work for a living," he remarked pointedly. He shook his head. "They're gone—the papers—and I don't give a damn. Go away and leave me alone!" he shouted at the five policemen, who by this time were fingering their guns.

"Look in your pants pocket!" I suggested, as I'd seen him return his billfold there. His face lighted with joy as he touched his hip and felt the reassuring bulk of his wallet. "There!" he said, triumphantly handing his wallet to the police agent. "You find them. Myself, I'm a bit unsteady."

The agent took the wallet and handed it to one of his assistants. "Come with us," he said to the Serb. "You are under arrest." Quietly, without a word, the Serb picked up his coat and followed the police agents into the corridor. (When we arrived in Belgrade we saw him escorted off the train by the five agents, none of whose heads came above his broad shoulders.)

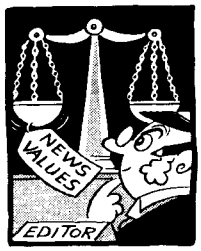
After that, there was a long silence in the compartment. "What was the charge?" I asked at last.

"Who knows? Drunkenness, perhaps, or insulting the police," the woman physician replied.

"In this country," the young farmer added, "they don't *need* a charge."

—Melanie Pflaum

The *Times*— Another Man's Meat



"Take, for example, the New York *Times* . . ."

Those words are all but certain to be uttered sometime in any serious discussion of American journalism. They may be uttered by the pointers-with-pride; they may be uttered by the viewers-with-alarm; not seldom they are uttered by both, one speaking as positively as the other. For the *Times* is the great exemplar of the American newspaper, a shining example in some eyes, a horrible one in others, but admitted by all to be the criterion by which other public journals are measured. A specific feature in any other newspaper is rated for excellence as it seems to the judge to be better or worse than the corresponding feature in the *Times*.

This would be less remarkable if the *Times* were the largest, the most widely read, or the richest of American newspapers. Many people believe that it is all three, and are astonished to learn that it is not and never has been—at least not since the present management took it over in 1896. It is big, widely read, and rich: but there has always been another newspaper that printed more pages, one with a larger circulation, and one that earned more money than the *Times*.

Nevertheless, any institution that is taken for an example with such unanimity over so wide an area has merit; but of this one it may be plausibly maintained that while it obviously has merit, its particular kind of merit is not altogether obvious.

Take, for example, the New York *Times* as indicted by Dwight Macdonald in a recent issue of *The Reporter*. It is my belief that the indictment does not touch the essential character of the newspaper at any point. However, Mr. Macdonald cannot fairly be accused of defamation; for a careful reading of his bill shows that of its dozen or more counts, each charging some violation of the canons of good journalism, not one can be dismissed as wholly without foundation. He did not accuse the *Times* of nonexistent faults; he merely overlooked certain of its inconspicuous, but tremendously important, virtues.

This article is a reply to Dwight Macdonald's "The Times*—One Man's Poison," which appeared in the February 14 issue of* The Reporter.

The principal offenses against good journalism that Mr. Macdonald lays to the account of the *Times* are verbosity, tedious reiteration, excessive hospitality, illogical arrangement, typographical senility, and a tendency to ignore the fact that time is continuous, and not chopped into arbitrary segments of twenty-four hours each. This last, he admits, is not peculiar to the *Times,* but is characteristic of practically all American newspapers. The net result is not to inform, but to bewilder the reader; so the grand charge, summing up all the lesser offenses, is lack of clarity.

Counsel for the defense in this case may as well begin by stipulating most of the facts. For instance, there is the matter of the typographical dress of the front page. It is, undeniably, remarkably like what it was twenty, or even fifty years ago; it is, undeniably, somewhat gray and dull in appearance. But to be balanced against this outmoded drabness is the consideration that it is tremendously sane. The *Times* possesses box-car type, and is capable of using it; but when it drags out the circus-poster font you may be sure that

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something has happened, for it isn't there merely to play up the least-dull story of a thoroughly dull day.

The excessive hospitality of the *Times* is an incontrovertible fact. It publishes a vast amount of junk that it would be folly for me to waste time in reading and an equal amount that it would be folly for you to read. But the items that I skip may be precisely those on which you base your most important decisions, and vice versa. So, although it is not to be denied that there is too much junk in the *Times*, the fault arises, not from the incompetence of the editors, but from the inconvenience of our reading the same newspaper.

When Ochs took over the paper it was carrying what he considered an excessive number of commodity-market reports, so he ordered one dropped every day until there was a protest. The first squawk came when he dropped the metals market; one reader had been depending on the *Times* to keep him informed of the daily price of lead. So lead went back into the paper. And so, to this day, Congressman Rankin, who considers Albert Einstein an "old faker," has to endure the annoyance of long accounts of mathematical physics in the same paper from which he learns of the dreadful deeds of the Administration in being polite to Negroes.

That the news is illogically arranged is another truth, but it is a little difficult to know what to do with it. After thirty years in the business, I have yet to encounter two newspapermen who agree on what is the logical arrangement of news; so it is a safe assumption that any arrangement is illogical in most men's eyes.

Mr. Macdonald inadvertently explains his inclusion of one count, that of tedious reiteration, by his statement in passing that he has never worked on a newspaper. Why, he asks fretfully, should the *Times* think it necessary to inform its readers every day in the year that the first name of the Secretary of State is "Dean"? The answer is because they don't know it.

To anyone who has not worked long in the craft this may be incredible, but it is quite true. If the gentleman held the portfolio longer than Cordell Hull did, and if for more than a dozen years he figured in the news every day, still, on the morning after he died or resigned, there would be readers of the paper who thought his name was Don, or David, or mayhap, Heliogabalus Acheson. There are probably a couple of million Americans who think today that the President's first name is Henry,

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VOL. XCIX.. No. 33,626. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1950. FIVE CENTS
COAL PARLEYS FAIL TO MAKE PROGRESS; TO RESUME TODAY
Lewis, Denying Aim to Absorb Industry's Profits, Contends These Justify Pay Rise
OWNERS CITE LEAN YEARS
Both Sides Agree Oil Rival Is Menace—Session Watched by Cole—Ching Will
No Alarm Yet, City Is Told, As State Plans Coal Action
O'Brien Sees Picture Here as 'Not Too Optimistic Nor Too Dismal'
First Steps Toward Ration System Expected Today Under Dewey Powers
ALL 17 IN B-36 CRASH ALIVE, 10 PICKED UP; 8 DIE IN RESCUE TRY
Searchers Set Out on Island 500 Miles From Vancouver
SECRET CODICILS TO SINO-SOVIET PACT SAID TO GIVE RUSSIA KEY PEIPING POSTS AND LARGE FORCE OF CHINESE LABOR
SIGNING MOSCOW-PEIPING REDS ALLIANCE
MAO GAINS POINTS
RAIN
UN
POLITICS
H
THE PRICE OF EGGS
HISTORY
If you see it in The Times, it's so!
STROMBOLI
Yardley

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and it is not beyond belief that there are some who think it is Harold, or Harvey, or Hudibras. Only a veteran newspaperman has an adequate conception of how difficult it is to establish a name correctly in the minds of all members of the staff, not to mention all readers of the paper.

It is absolutely necessary, whenever Paul G. Hoffman—to pick a name at random—is mentioned, tediously to reiterate that he is Administrator of the Economic Cooperation Administration. If you did not, a disconcertingly large number of your readers would think you were referring either to a Congressman from Michigan or to a celebrated piano-player. Nevertheless, tedious reiteration it certainly is.

Only in the item of discontinuity does it seem that Mr. Macdonald has made a charge supported by insufficient evidence. Between events there may or may not be continuity: it is only the *significance* of events that is a continuum, and the *Times* writers who deal with significance, rather than with events—Mr. Arthur Krock and Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick, for instance—regularly run serials. Today's editorial page certainly is related to yesterday's, and in some measure forecasts tomorrow's; and in its Sunday review of the week's news the *Times* makes a reasonably successful effort to pull the days together.

With all the exceptions I have noted, there remains enough indisputable truth in Mr. Macdonald's bill to support his main charge: to wit, that the *Times,* far from clarifying, confuses the minds of its readers.

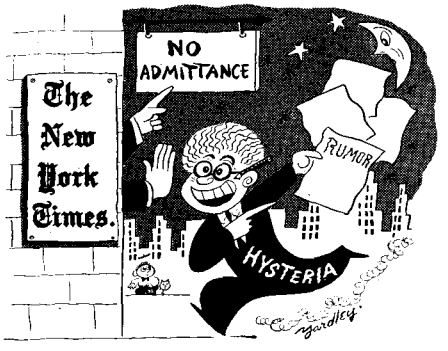
But Mr. Macdonald does not take into account the possibility that this may be, on the whole, meritorious, rather than blameworthy. The function of a newspaper is to make its readers acquainted with the world as it is, and this function is not discharged by describing to the customers a clarity that does not exist.

It may be argued very plausibly that the besetting sin of American journalism is that of being altogether too uncomplicated. By way of illustration, the press gave the American people an utterly clear and definite impression that we invented the entire atomic bomb. We did not. We merely put the finishing touches on it.

If the public had been told that exact truth in 1945, it would have been confused, but it would have been in a better position to respond intelligently. Of course a large share of the responsibility lies not on the press but on military censorship, but that does not affect the basic error of making a situation seem clear when it is not clear.

A sudden shift in the center of gravity inevitably creates a period of confusion. Such a shift has occurred in world affairs since 1940. The six great powers have been reduced to two; and one of the two is a relentless, aggressive, and extremely effective foe of capitalism. No comparable situation has existed in history. It stands to reason, then, that to the extent that any newspaper reports that things are in a state of utter confusion it adheres more faithfully to truth than it would by giving its readers a "clear" conception of the situation. For when the situation itself is confused, the newspaper reader who is not confused is a reader who is misinformed.

All this is, however, less a real defense than a plea in confession and avoidance. It is merely an argument that the New York *Times* is not really as bad as the charges might lead one to believe; and if the defense rested



without offering any evidence of positive good in the journal, the best that could be hoped for would be a suspension of sentence.

But a strong positive defense is available. Part of it is known to the public, but part is known only to the relatively few who have made an intensive study of newspapers.

The position of the *Times* as the newspaper of record is plain enough. It alone adheres to the policy of printing in full every document and every speech that its editors consider of genuine public importance. Its files, therefore, are considered more authoritative than those of any other newspaper by historians, economists, sociologists, politicians, and businessmen—by everyone who has need of information that is both exact and comprehensive.

What is less obvious, but in the estimation of those who are aware of it, not less important, is the *Times*'s ready and consistent acceptance of responsibility. What the *Times* prints it is always prepared to back with evidence; if there is no evidence to back the story, the *Times* doesn't carry it. This is the meaning of that much-lampooned slogan, "All the news that's fit to print." The story *not* fit to print is the story that there is no substantial reason to believe. Ideally, the unfit is the untrue; but practically it is not possible to verify every story before it ceases to be news. If there is good reason to believe such a story, it should be published, but as rumor, not as fact.

This involves an occupational risk, of course. On occasion the *Times* has printed falsehoods, to its subsequent regret and embarrassment. Thirty years ago it printed a great many about Russia, as Charles Merz and Walter Lippmann demonstrated in a celebrated study of its coverage. In all probability it is doing the same thing today. But in neither instance was this deliberate; in both the *Times* was not permitted to learn the truth and had to achieve the best approximation to truth that it could make out of conflicting rumors. Every *Times* man knows, however, that the paper is committed to stand back of whatever it prints, and if it is proved that a story has no foundation whatever, the matter is very serious indeed.

This policy—strictly a journalistic policy, remember, having nothing to do with the paper's political, social, or economic philosophy—does not make for brilliance, for your brilliant writer is notoriously inexact. But it does make against hysteria, and at the present juncture in world history, prophylaxis against hysteria—whether in statesmen or in newspapers—is a quality more precious than rubies.

There can be no doubt that the *Times* was indoctrinated with the ideal of responsible journalism largely through the efforts of one man, the late Adolph S. Ochs. But the same man made another contribution, also in the

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realm of journalistic policy, that operates now to make the success of his paper an asset not only to his heirs, but to the country. It was his appeal to the low-income groups.

When he arrived in New York in 1896, the newspapers there were divided into the stately and the scurrilous. The stately—among them the *Times*—all sold for five cents, which, measured in eggs, or butter, or bacon, or whiskey, was easily the equivalent of fifteen cents today. The scurrilous sold, in prodigious numbers, for just one cent.

Ochs proposed to sell the *Times* for one cent, and was told by all the experts that the idea was folly, because the kind of people who could pay only one cent for a newspaper would not read the *Times* if it were handed out free. Nevertheless, Ochs cut the price, and circulation shot to a height that made operation profitable.

Once he had succeeded, everyone said, "How astute!"; and no one, least of all Ochs himself, said, "What faith in democracy!" He was an unpretentious man, who would have laughed to hear himself described as a political philosopher.

Throughout the fifty-four years that have followed, the *Times* has continued to offer the mass of Americans, from the top to the bottom of the economic scale, a very comprehensive, reasonably accurate account of what is going on in the world. It is offered with a minimum of brilliance, perhaps, but also with a minimum of flubdub; and it has succeeded prodigiously.

Perhaps, then, the supreme virtue of the *Times*, as of 1950, is precisely that which some of its critics account weakness, if not quite a vice—its riches. This wealth is valuable to the world, not because the *Times* possesses it, but because it is an antidote for cynicism. It is wealth won by gambling on the theory that there is in the common people of this democracy a core of hard, common sense, an appreciation of truth, honesty, and justice, a strength that is immutable and indestructible, since it has existed through this terrific century and continues to exist.

Such a reminder is valuable at any time, and not least when we take a clear-eyed look at the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary agencies of our country.—GERALD W. JOHNSON

Nonsense, Dr. Velikovsky!

In spite of the fanfare, a Harvard astronomer refutes the story of a day the sun stood still

EDITORS' NOTE: The lead story in the January issue of *Harper's Magazine* was written by Eric Larrabee, one of the editors, and bore the unnerving title, "The Day the Sun Stood Still." Four weeks later, after a flurry of full-page advertisements in metropolitan dailies, *Collier's* published a not-too-dissimilar essay, called "The Heavens Burst," by Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, (adapted by John Lear), who is described as a historian, physician, and Bible student. Then *Reader's Digest* printed "Why the Sun Stood Still," by Fulton Oursler. All three pieces were distillations of *Worlds in Collision*, an ambitious and revolutionary work by Dr. Velikovsky, which Macmillan is to publish this spring.

Dr. Velikovsky has the idea that roughly 3,500 years ago the earth temporarily stopped rotating on its axis, due to the erratic behavior of a comet. At that time, he maintains, the Red Sea did miraculously divide to allow the Israelites to escape from Egypt; later, the sun did stand still at Joshua's bidding, and manna, a form of carbohydrate, did fall from heaven. The three articles played up the Biblical implications of the theory, although it is not yet certain whether Velikovsky is more of a comfort to those who do, or to those who do not, believe in the miracles described in the Old Testament. On the one hand, he says the miracles did happen; on the other, one cannot quite make out whether they were the work of the Deity or of planets and comets acting on their own.

The events of 1500 B.C. and later, as related by Velikovsky, ran roughly this way: What is now the planet Venus broke off from Jupiter, came toward the earth as a comet, brushed the earth with its gaseous tail, and thereby produced a series of tremendous catastrophies. Venus showered rusty pigment and meteorites on the earth, and, "with the shower of meteorites, the earth stopped turning." This happened on the night that the tenth plague struck Egypt—Passover night, when the Lord spared the huts of the Israelites and demolished the mansions of the Egyptians.

The earth and Venus, Velikovsky

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says, did not collide (his book, however, is to be called *Worlds in Collision*, and the *Collier's* blurb contains the phrase "when planets collided." They did exchange "discharges of electric potential." One of the results was the division of the Red Sea. Another was that for decades the earth was wrapped in the gases of the comet and the dust of exploding volcanoes, so that no green thing could grow. This was the period when the Hebrew tribes went through the "Shadow of Death." But some men were able to survive. For, says Larrabee, paraphrasing Velikovsky, "the tail of a comet is composed of carbon and hydrogen gases and these elements were in suspension . . . after the comet departed. . . . The precipitate also fell among the Israelites, and they called it Manna."

Venus then traveled away, but fifty-two years later, when Joshua was fighting his wars, the planet-to-be returned, again stopping the earth's rotation. After this, according to Larrabee, Venus "took up its present orbit and changed from a wild comet to a tame planet . . . as a result of an encounter with [the planet Mars]." While this regularized the behavior of Venus, it had precisely the opposite effect on that of Mars, which thereupon took to approaching the earth at intervals of fifteen years and causing various ructions. On one occasion, "the army of Sennacherib, the Assyrian king who invaded Palestine, was destroyed by a blast of fire from the sky." Earlier, the approach of Mars had necessitated the introduction of a new calendar, indicating that "the orbit of the earth—the length of the year, the months, and the seasons—had actually changed." The reason why ancient texts are so obscure about these cataclysms is, according to Dr. Velikovsky, "collective amnesia, the psychological phenomenon . . . [in which] the most terrifying events of the past may be forgotten or displaced into the subconscious mind."

Dr. Velikovsky, writes Larrabee, realizes that his theory challenges the Newtonian law of gravity. It demonstrated that "the electromagnetic laws are as supreme in the heavens as they are inside the atom." He compares the universe to the atom as described by Niels Bohr; an electron revolving around the nucleus in a quiet, orderly way may suddenly move to an orbit nearer the nucleus of another atom farther away. So with the planets and the sun.

According to Mr. Larrabee, Dr. Velikovsky summons up "all the apparatus of learning—from astronomy and physics to folklore, religion, classical literature, archaeology, geology, paleontology, biology, and psychology [in] the awesome task of making an 'inquiry in the architectonics of the world and its history' and of applying the techniques of scholarship and psychoanalysis to the entire human race." The editors of *Harper's* do not see much chance of

anybody else's verifying or disproving the theory, for, they say, "it would be impossible to check on all aspects of his theory without a thorough knowledge of archaeology, paleontology, geology, astronomy, psychology, physics, chemistry, and several other sciences—as well as world history."

The Reporter agrees that probably no one scholar can evaluate all of Dr. Velikovsky's findings. It would seem, however, that a number of scholars might be qualified to comment on the individual aspects of his work. Hearing that Dr. Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin, Phillips Astronomer at Harvard, had read Mr. Larrabee's article with "amazement, consternation, incredulity, and derision," *The Reporter* asked her to set forth her opinion of the Velikovsky theory—solely on the grounds of its astronomy. Her analysis follows.

The Earth Kept Turning

Let us assume that Mr. Larrabee's article is neither a hoax (it is presented far too solemnly for that) nor an attempt at science fiction (it is hardly ingenious enough). Let us consider it seriously. We immediately see that the author is guilty of several basic errors. He does not know the difference between electricity and magnetism; he imagines that two bodies can *simultaneously* attract and repel one another electrically; he confuses inertia with momentum; he calls a planet a comet. ". . . the Law of Gravitation," he says, ". . . leads us to assume that the earth's surface would fly onward in the direction of its rotation . . ." The Law of Gravitation does nothing of the sort; it merely states that the attraction between two bodies depends on their masses and their distance apart. Perhaps the author is thinking of Newton's First Law of Motion: "Every body persists in its state of rest, or of uniform motion, except in so far as it is compelled by impressed force to change that state." This is typical of the confusion that pervades the article.

Dr. Velikovsky uses historical and mythological evidence to establish the occurrence of a cosmic catastrophe. From this evidence, Dr. Velikovsky has derived a theory that dispenses with many of the principles of modern science. If we discard our modern physical theories and accept his, as he asks us to, we discard theories that can (with immense precision) interpret almost *all* known physical phenomena, in favor of a vague statement capable of explaining, not all these things, but just *one* thing—and that an event which quite possibly never occurred.

Let us examine some of Dr. Velikovsky's astronomical assertions in detail. "A comet . . . *did* pass close to the earth. . . . The comet . . . touched the earth with its gaseous tail . . . and with the shower of meteorites the earth stopped turning."

The earth is a gigantic, massive flywheel. Its energy of rotation is immense. To stop its rotation the same amount of energy would have to be applied to it, and could be applied only by impact. A heavy body that merely passed by could not have more than a very small effect on the earth's rate of rotation, though it might disturb its motion in space—the length of year might be changed, but not the length of the day. If a body of the earth's density, about twenty miles in diameter, struck the earth at thirty miles a second, on the equator, and in the most "favorable" direction, it would

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produce a change of *less than a second* in the length of the day. Even such a small body, if it fell on land, would produce a crater of spectacular proportions, hundred of miles across and tens of miles deep. The largest known crater on the earth's surface was produced by a body or group of bodies that weighed only perhaps a million tons; if it was one body it might have been a couple of hundred feet across. If a mass twenty miles in diameter fell in the ocean it would produce tidal waves great enough to exterminate land life on the planet. What, then, would have been the effect of the impact of a body almost equal in mass and size to the earth, as Venus is? It would have pulverized the earth. *But nothing short of impact would stop the earth's rotation.*

Let us assume, however, that Dr. Velikovsky is right—that the earth did stop rotating. In that case, all bodies not attached to the surface of the earth (including the atmosphere and the ocean) would have continued *their* motion, and would have flown off with a speed of nine hundred miles an hour at the latitude of Egypt.

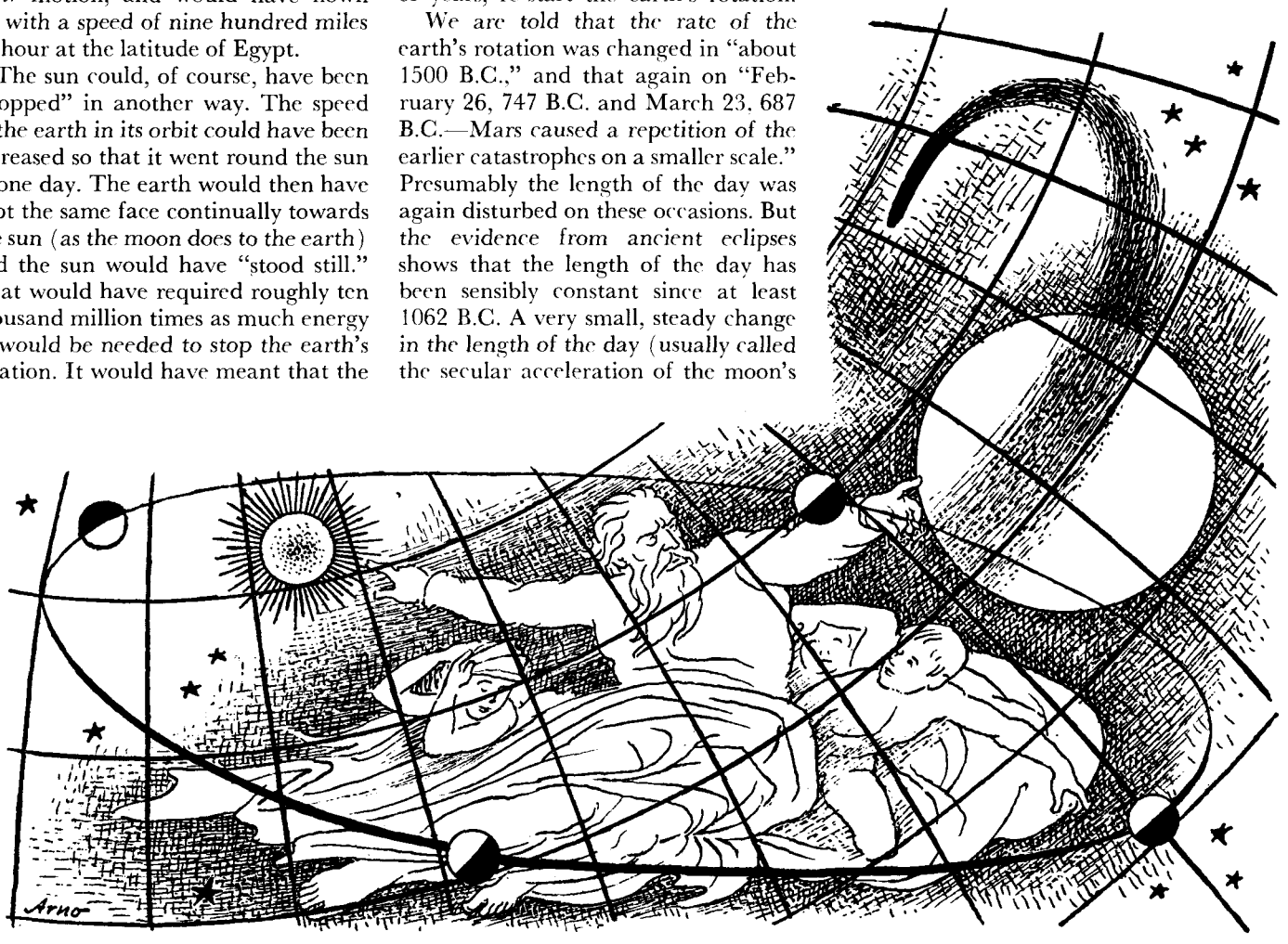
The sun could, of course, have been "stopped" in another way. The speed of the earth in its orbit could have been increased so that it went round the sun in one day. The earth would then have kept the same face continually towards the sun (as the moon does to the earth) and the sun would have "stood still." That would have required roughly ten thousand million times as much energy as would be needed to stop the earth's rotation. It would have meant that the earth somehow attained a speed in space of almost seven thousand miles a second. At such a speed it would promptly have left the solar system, never to return.

But let us assume again, for the sake of argument, that the earth *did* stop turning. What started it again? The same energy of rotation would have had to be reapplied (or nearly the same, since Velikovsky asks us to believe that the length of the day changed a little). Where did the energy come from? "If the magnetic field of the sun were to govern the earth's motion," says Mr. Larrabee, "then . . . the earth could resume its rotation, though on a changed orbit." The magnetic field of the sun has never been thought to exceed fifty Gauss (units of magnetic intensity), and at present the very existence of such a field is questioned by those most competent to judge. The magnetic field of the earth is less than .2 of a Gauss. The interaction of such magnetic fields could never, in millions of years, re-start the earth's rotation.

We are told that the rate of the earth's rotation was changed in "about 1500 B.C.," and that again on "February 26, 747 B.C. and March 23, 687 B.C.—Mars caused a repetition of the earlier catastrophes on a smaller scale." Presumably the length of the day was again disturbed on these occasions. But the evidence from ancient eclipses shows that the length of the day has been sensibly constant since at least 1062 B.C. A very small, steady change in the length of the day (usually called the secular acceleration of the moon's motion, and ascribed to tidal friction), about *1/1000 of a second a century*, has been measured.

We are told that "Venus, as a result of an encounter with another body [Mars], took up its present orbit . . ." The orbit of Mars is, of course, *outside* the earth's orbit, the orbit of Venus *within* it. Both are nearly circular. It is inherently impossible for a body to perturb another body into a circular orbit smaller than its own. It may also be mentioned that as the mass of Mars is one-eighth of that of Venus, any effect produced by Mars on Venus would be reproduced *eightfold* by Venus on Mars; the supposed propulsion of Venus into its present orbit (even if dynamically possible, which it isn't) would have propelled Mars right out of the solar system.

Mankind, we are asked to believe, lived on "the carbohydrates [of the comet's tail] combining in the air." What are the facts on the composition of the tails of comets? Their spectra



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show the presence of carbon monoxide, nitrogen, the hydrocarbon radical (which might pick up carbon and produce acetylene), cyanogen, molecular carbon, and sodium. None of these is particularly nourishing, and two at least are violent poisons. Perhaps, however, the "comet" brought with it a specimen of Jupiter's atmosphere: methane, ammonia, and possibly hydrogen. Or, if the present atmosphere of Venus comes in question, it would have brought carbon dioxide and possibly formaldehyde. None of these substances carries promise of nourishment. The earth has in fact passed through the tails of comets, without noticeable effects, nutritional or gravitational.

Dr. Velikovsky explains these apparently irresponsible actions of the planets by a loose parallel with the Bohr theory of the atom. But his naively pictured atom, consisting of a nucleus like a central sun, round which electrons move "in a quiet, orderly, orbital rotation" is far from the atom envisaged by modern physics. Even in its heyday such a view of the atom was hardly more than a schematic diagram. Today it has been replaced by the wave-mechanical concept, which can be expressed only by mathematical formulation, and seems incapable of brief description in terms of everyday experience. Even in its crudest form, the Bohr theory never contemplated an electron that divided in two, with one part of it skipping to a new orbit.

A comet could, of course, collide with the earth, and probably many comets have done so. As the head of a comet may weigh a thousand million tons, it could (if in one lump) cause considerable damage if it made a direct hit. More probably, however, the heads of comets are groups of small bodies, and such a collision would merely produce a shower of shooting stars.

Dr. Velikovsky makes a great point of the absence of any record of Venus before 1500 B.C. Apparently, in spite of his immense powers of research, he had not looked very hard. "As early as the third millennium, Babylonian astronomers recorded heliacal risings and settings of the planet Venus" (Sarton, *Introduction to the History of Science,* Vol. I, p. 71). Langdon and Fotheringham, in an authoritative book (*The Venus Tablets of Ammizaduga,* published in 1928), discuss and collate observations of Venus made near B.C. 2000. "I have found that the observation in the sixth year of Ammizaduga . . . is, within the 3000 years from 3000 [B.C.] to 0, possible only in January, 1970 [B.C.] and 1914 [B.C.]"

The passages relating to the calendar are very confused. They reveal no idea of the history or purpose of the calendar, nor of the difficulty inherent in using at the same time the periods of rotation and revolution of the earth, and the period of the moon in the reckoning of time.

To discuss the geological and biological implications of the article is outside the province of the astronomer. But I may note that there is no geochemical basis for the suggestion that cosmic dust, grit, and boulders fell at a specific time during the early historic period. Nor is there any evidence of a wholesale disturbance of ocean level near 1500 B.C.; the most that can have happened generally is a fall from about five meters above modern level during the last few millennia, possibly due to plastic adjustment of the floor of the Pacific during the post-glacial melt.

Mr. Larrabee's (or Dr. Velikovsky's) references to classical literature fall outside my province. But even an astronomer can note that a celebrated passage of Ovid is ascribed to Hesiod. And it is surely stretching credulity rather far to see in the twentieth book of the *Iliad,* which depicts the battle of the Gods, a description of planetary perturbations.

The most insidious part of the argument is the appeal to Biblical sources. There always have been, and always will be, well-meaning people who defend the literal interpretation of Scripture. But there can seldom have been a writer who did so by a more complete abrogation of the findings and principles of science. Again, merely as an astronomer, I must note that in my version of Holy Writ, the three accounts of the destruction of the army of Sennacherib (II Kings xix, 35; II Chron. xxxii, 21, Isaiah xxxvii, 36) all ascribe it to "the Angel of the Lord," not to "fire from heaven." Vague mentions by the editors of *Harper's* about "literal interpretation of the scriptures" make one wonder whether an omnipotent God would have employed His planet Venus to part the waters of the Red Sea, in the process decimating peoples all over the world. Not that I want to question God's omnipotence—only Dr. Velikovsky's omniscience.

It is true, as the author says, that astronomers find the ideas of *The Day the Sun Stood Still* "difficult to take"; but not for the reason he supposes. It is shocking, in a scientific age, to find people who picture scientists as anxiously guarding the sacred "Laws of Nature" against assault. The very opposite is the case. We welcome information that compels modification of the "laws" we know; we spend our time trying to unearth such information. Nobody is more delighted than the man of science when discordant facts are brought to light. Witness our reception of the eclipse results that deviated from Newtonian prediction, and substantiated the Theory of Relativity, thirty years ago. We are disturbed about *Harper's* and Dr. Velikovsky, but for other reasons. Is this scientific age so uncritical, so ignorant of the nature of evidence, that any considerable number of people will be fooled by a sloppy parade of the jargon of a dozen fields of learning? Evidently a great national magazine, and a publisher who has in the past handled great works of science, believe that they will. At a time when the work of scholars cannot be published for lack of funds, will the sale of *Worlds in Collision* exceed that of the work now called *The Great Moon Hoax,* which rocked the world for an extremely short period of time a century ago? I fear that it will.

The road to fame and fortune for the twentieth-century scholar is clear. Never mind logic; never mind the precise meaning of words or the results of exact research. Employ the vocabulary of a dozen fields of learning. Use a liberal sprinkling of Biblical phrases. The method, and the result, are summarized by Calverley in *The Cock and the Bull:*

"Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.
You see the trick on't, though, and can yourself
Continue the discourse *ad libitum,*
It takes up about eighty thousand lines,
A thing imagination boggles at;
And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands
Extend from here to Mesopotamy."

—Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin

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B-36 HEARINGS: NAVY—*Admirals Hussey and Denfeld*

AIR FORCE—*Generals Kenney and Frederick Smith*

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NEXT ISSUE

The South Moves Forward

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